The ABDL Horror Book

When living a nightmare, "Horror" is all she can feel and "Escape" is all she can think about.

Zorro Daddy

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Who Is She?

I don't know how many times someone has sent me an email asking that question. What they are asking is who the ABDL Girl is in the stories I write.

Some are asking for a literal answer. Others want the figurative. Whether I give her the name of Lily, Mia, Gina, Keira, Penny, Daisy, Lucy or whomever … she is based on real people. So, at her core, she is more real than fantasy.

But to describe the nature of who she is:

She is perfect yet flawed. And because she makes mistakes, you can relate to her. No one is perfect, but people like her have perfect intentions all the time. (And there is nothing flawed about having such intentions.)

She is complicated yet simple. There are so many levels to her personality that getting to know her is a lifetime pursuit, and one that you can't help but love. And she'll often realize that she is searching for a solution to a problem which doesn't exist. That's when she goes "simple" again.

She is fun-loving yet serious. A giggle, a bounce and a smile can not only make her moment and her day, but yours as well. And all those around her benefit from her cheery outlook on everything. It is her personal mission in life to make the world around her as happy of a place as possible. But when the time comes to be serious, she can answer that calling because she realizes that the world is a great, big place and she will have a lot of work ahead of her to change it. Until then, she recognizes when she needs to be serious.

She is affectionate. And she shows how she feels, longing to be touched and held and loved back with the same passion she has given. Touch is very important to her. From the forehead to the neck to the lips to the tummy to the bottom to the legs to her toes. Her skin is a receptor and the closer she can be to a beating heart, the more affectionate she

becomes. Sure, she'll wander off, but that's only because she wants him to take her by the hand.

She is impulsive and spontaneous. And she does what comes to mind and heart without always weighing the outcome of her actions. It is her nature to listen to her first instinct, believing that it is the best one to follow because it was the first one.

She is adaptable. And she hates the fact that she ever needs to act differently or become someone else for a short time when the situation calls for it, but she does it, just like everyone has to. She has a free spirit and an open heart. And it is because of her innocent nature that she believes everyone should be able to be exactly who they are all the time (which is also part of her mission to increase the happiness of the world.)

She is sweet. And everyone around her sees how pure her heart is. She's got the nature to be happy and to paint rainbows in the clouds when the rain finally breaks, to see the opportunities that present themselves only by candlelight when a storm knocks the electricity out, to see long lines at a Wal-Mart as a chance to say the things you meant to earlier, to relive a kiss over and over in her mind until she receives the next one, to hug someone with the intention of giving her love to them, to wipe away someone's tears before they stain the cheeks but not before they served their purpose, to think of what others need while she thinks of what she wants, to ask a question without fear of ridicule or judgment, to listen to the advice of others while also deciding what is best for her and to possess a motherly love in the mind of a BabyGirl.

What intrigues me about the typical ABDL Girl from my stories is that she's real and that's why I keep writing about her.

She is a character born from reality, nurtured through the events of storylines, and brought to life through imaginations.

She is a dream, but one that is tangible and unforgettable. And when you meet her, you'll know who she is.

– *Zorro Daddy*

The ABDL Horror Book

Captivating Hope, *Part One*
Captivating Hope, *Part Two*
Late Night at the Grease Spoon
Rendezvous
Outted

The ABDL Library

Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This is adult content and therefore not intended for minors.

Captivating Hope, *Part One*

Darkness was a scary thing for Hope. It always dug deeply into her when she couldn't see anything. Every night, she went to sleep with the overhead light on, to keep the room as bright as possible. She hated the darkness and when she went to sleep, she clung desperately to the belief that her dreams would light her way to the morning – knowing then that darkness would be gone, once she opened her eyes.

But her fear of darkness had never been greater than at the present moment. Opening her eyes, didn't bring back the light. She found herself in a dark room and she had awakened on a wooden floor, completely naked and completely confused. She had no idea how she got there. And all she knew was that darkness was all around. This was the first thing to captivate her, in the most horrifying way possible.

"Hello?" she called out softly, hoping someone or something kind would be nearby to help her.

But there was only silence, the worst possible bed-fellow to accompany darkness. With more trepidation than she had ever felt, she stood to her feet, her legs showing little stability.

"Hello?" she called out with a louder voice, feeling around in the darkness.

Walking into something wooden, she banged her knees and collapsed to the floor holding her leg as tears welled in her eyes, but unfortunately in darkness, no one could see her tears. And in solitude, no one could hear her cries.

"Please help me," she sobbed with a labored whisper.

For as comfortable of a temperature as the room was at, she was still chilled to the bone. Nakedness was always a wonderful thing she enjoyed. And often, she would get out of the shower, dry herself off and wait a while before dressing in anything. There was a security she had with her image. She wasn't perfect, but she understood that no girl was perfect. But being naked in a strange and pitch-black room wasn't comforting at all – especially since she had no memory of how she got there. Getting up on her hands and knees, she opted for the safety of crawling as she felt her way across the room to the closest wall she could find. Standing up, she felt her hands across the wall, hoping to find a light switch somewhere.

Following the wall, she reached a corner of the room and turned, continuing her search for a light switch. Working hard to collect her thoughts, she tried to remember the last place she was before she woke up in this room. She went to a party at a friend's house, attended by a lot of her friend's co-workers and a few people from their college days together. She sat down on the living room couch at one point, feeling a bit dizzy. And that was the last thing she could remember. Had she been drugged? Had someone picked her up at brought her to this dark room? She didn't feel any soreness in her body as if someone had done something to her when she was brought here, but why was she there? Why had her clothes been taken off? Why was she left there in the darkness? And why could she find a blasted light switch anywhere?

Walking into another object, she toppled over it, falling and landing on it to find out it was a leather couch. Feeling her way to the other end of it, she stood back up and continued feeling along the wall. And it wasn't until she got to the next corner that her shin brushed up against something. At first startled, she shrieked and jumped back, but then knelt down and felt the object. It was a nightlight in a wall socket! Fumbling with it, she finally found the on switch and flicked it.

The night light left out a soft blue glow, illuminating the room slightly and revealing itself to be a birdhouse with a small canary in front of it. She reached out it, feeling the details of the plastic. For as strange as it seemed to be there, she was hardly in the state of mind at this point to question anything being weird. It was all weird, yet somehow fit together in a manner she could explain.

Standing up, she turned around, looking around room with sight for the first time. The room couldn't have been any bigger than 20 feet by 20 feet. The walls were covered with light-shaded wallpaper and there was no light switch anywhere – nor could see a door anywhere. The ceiling was painted white and had a simple recessed light in the middle. To her left was that dark leather couch she fell onto. And to her right was the wooden object she initial banged with her right shin.

Seeing what that wooden object was, her eyes grew big and wide as she slowly back away from it. How confusing and scary this all was. She had awakened on a dirty wooden floor in the middle of a dark room. She had no idea how she got there and no idea why she was

naked. And in this tiny room was a leather couch, a blue canary birdhouse nightlight … and a large wooden crib.

Standing in the middle of the room, she suddenly felt more naked than ever, closing her legs tightly and covering her chest with her arms. Who had brought her here? And why? She didn't have her purse or her cell phone or any way of knowing if anyone even knew she was there.

A slight crackling noise came from one of the corners of the ceiling and then a song played that chilled her further.

"The Itsy, Bitsy spider climbed up the water spout," a female recording began to say. "Down came the rain and washed the spider out."

Hope ran over to the side of the couch by the night light and squatted down, hiding.

"Out came the sun and dried up all the rain and the itsy bitsy spider went up the spout again," the recording played before it started at the beginning again.

And as the song played over and over, she looked to the ceiling, trying to find the speaker that was playing it. It was so eerie that her nerves made her tremble uncontrollably. Paranoia began to set in that whoever had brought her there was in that room somewhere already and that person was watching. This was the next thing to captivate her with all the horror of not knowing.

She sat down alongside the couch, curling up tightly into a ball and resting her head on the side of the couch as the song kept playing over and over. Staring at the blue canary birdhouse nightlight through er teary-eyed vision, she relived every fear she had ever had in her life. As a female, there were things in life, horrible events that she was always afraid of one day happening to her. It was those unsettling fears that always kept her in a state of alertness that made the attention she received as frightening as it was alluring to her. And with no idea of how to get out of that room, her mind began to contemplate every conceivable and unconceivable scenario of what could happen. Each thought drove her further into the paranoia now consuming her soul.

Then the recording stopped, returning the room to silence. And for as strange as it was for that song to be playing, she suddenly longed to hear another sound, anything, anything at all – just not absolute silence to leave her mind the ability to destroy her.

“Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb. Mary had a little lamb. Its fleece was white as snow,” began to play with the same female voice as the spider song.

Hope sat up, looking over the arm of the couch and trying again to find the door. But there was no door, at least not one she could see. She had to try to find it, though. Getting onto her hands-n-knees, she crawled out from alongside the couch, slinking across the front it to the far wall. Feeling for creases, she searched anything that might open up. There had to be a door somewhere. There had to be. She couldn’t have been brought in the room otherwise. Running her hands along the length of the wall, she kept searching frantically as the song continued playing, seemingly from an unknown source above her.

“And everywhere that Mary went, Mary went, Mary went. Everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go,” the recording played as it stopped, prompting Hope to freeze in place before a new song began playing. “Three blind mice. Three blind mice ...”

Losing control of her bladder, Hope began to helpless pee as she crawled as far away from the song as she could, making her way over to and crawling under the crib before turning and looking back out.

“See how they run. See how they run,” the recording continued. “They all ran after the farmer's wife, who cut off their tails with a carving knife. Did you ever see such a sight in your life, as three blind mice? Three blind mice.”

Hope began to cry, this time with audible sobs as she collapsed to the floor beneath the crib. Curling up into a ball, she defied her own fears by closing her eyes and venturing into darkness with faith that she might find sleep so she can wake up from this horrible nightmare. She didn’t know how long she had been there and how long she would be there yet until this was all over.

“Hickory, dickory, dock! Tick, Tock. The mouse ran up the clock. Tick, tock,” the next song played with an eeriness that made it seem like whoever was watching her could read her thoughts. “The clock struck one. The mouse ran down. Hickory, dickory, dock!”

Now gripped with fear so intense that she froze in a tiny ball, paralyzed to move – save for her trembles, Hope began to break down. The only fear in life that could possibly rival darkness and silence was *not knowing*. It was another fear of darkness, but in a different sense,

captured in the cliché of *being kept in the dark*. And when she didn't know the answer to a question or the reason behind why something happened, like every other human being, she began to make up answers and began to formulate reasons that had no basis or sense of reasoning to them. And with nothing else to be able to do, she began to believe that being in that room was punishment.

She began damning herself for an unknown mistake she believed herself to have made. Somehow, some way, that had to be the reason. If she knew who had put her in that room, she might then have been able to blame them. But there was no person or identity there but her ... and her fears.

Perhaps that was it. Perhaps she was being punished for being fearful. Perhaps she was supposed to accept things for what they were and not try to change anything, not try to conquer anything, but also not fear what she can nothing about. And regardless of all else, it was time to face her punishment or her fears, whichever may be waiting for her.

Getting up onto her hands-n-knees, she slowly crawled out from under the crib to the center of the room and stood up, opening her eyes and awaiting whatever might be. But standing there for a few minutes, no one came in and after the song stopped playing, she was left with silence again. Lowering her chin, she began to sob with heavy tears and audible whimpers. Turning and looking at the crib, she walked over to it, climbing inside it and finding a small baby blanket on the mattress. Curling up tightly into a fetal ball, she covered herself with the baby blanket and accepted that she would be waiting for as long as this took. And this was the next thing that captivated her … acceptance that she was powerless.

"Hush, little baby, don't say a word. Mama's going to buy you a mockingbird," a new song began, sung by such a sweet female voice that Hope began to soften, regressing into the alluring safety of the words. "And if that mockingbird don't sing, Mama's going to buy you a diamond ring. And if that diamond ring turns brass, Mama's going to buy you a looking glass."

With a soft tone, Hope began to sing along.

"And if that looking glass gets broke, Mama's going to buy you a billy goat. And if that billy goat won't pull, Mama's going to buy you a cart and bull," Hope sang along, knowing every word. "And if that cart

and bull turn over, Mama's going to buy you a dog named Rover. And if that dog named Rover won't bark, Mama's going to buy you a horse and cart. And if that horse and cart fall down, you'll still be the sweetest little baby in town."

Hope smiled as the song began to play again, realizing that, no matter what happened to her, everything was going to be alright. She would somehow get through it. Regressing into a security she didn't know for sure existed but trusted would be there when she needed it, her mind began to unwind from its fragile state to the acceptance of helplessness. She was at the mercy of something she didn't know, but had to trust.

And without being prompted to sleep, another song began to play with a whispered female voice, sweeter than before.

"Rock-a-bye baby, in the treetop," the voice sang, ever-so-slowly and melodically. "When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

Closing her eyes and entering into darkness again, Hope began to drift apart from her reality, traveling into a place in her mind where everything could make sense again.

"When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall … And down will come baby, cradle and all," the voice sang, immediately beginning again with an even slower more soothing tempo.

Hope began to drift off to sleep. Perhaps this all was some horrible nightmare, after all. But in the end, everything would be alright.

Or, so she thought …

From the far corner of the room, a simple sliding door opened and two guys walked in. Hope opened her eyes and whimpered a bit to shake the cobwebs of where she was. She had no idea how long she had been asleep and she couldn't make out the guys' faces, but she could hear their voices. And with the simple touch of button on a remote in the one guy's hand, the overhead recessed light turned on, but just dimly enough to make it easy to move about the room. In his other hand was a small plastic bag.

"Hello," the first guy said with a soft and gentle whisper as he sat on the crib side.

The other guy leaned over and placed his hands on her forearms, gently holding them down as the first guy uncovered the bottom half of

her body. She wasn't scared of them, her nerves too spent to be used again so soon.

"It's okay," the first guy said, placing his left hand on her lower back as she felt the tip of a needle touch her left bottom cheek and then enter her.

"Ow. Owww," she fussed softly.

"Hold still," the first guy said, just as sweetly and softly as he greeted her.

Hope didn't know what she was being injected with but it took its effect very quickly. Fogginess became foggier as she fussed for a moment that her fingertips were going numb. But her fussing was short-lived as she lied her head back down on the crib mattress and resigned to whimpers.

"She's wonderful, Danny," the second guy said, petting Hope's hair and tucking it behind her left ear. "How did you get so lucky as to find her?"

"Sometimes you find what you're looking for when you least expect it," the first guy, Danny, said as he put a band-aid over the needle hole on her bottom. "You, above all else, should know that, Mel."

"I suppose you're right," the second guy, Mel, replied as he helped Danny turn her over onto her back. "And being prepared at all times got you your new girl, didn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," Danny said, smiling as he stood to his feet and laid Hope's legs flat. "It's okay, baby. Daddy's here and everything's going to be fine. Just be a good girl for me and relax."

His words were so softly spoken and so inviting of his kindness that Hope didn't resist him at all. Her head was so cloudy from whatever the sedative was that he injected her with that the names *Baby* and *Daddy* confused her, but not enough to make her fight him or try to get away. Even if she had found that incentive, she was fast-becoming so drugged up that her movements would surely have been as slowly as her mind was, processing the moment.

She lied there, completely naked and wiggling just slightly to find continued comfort in the soft crib mattress. Danny reached into the plastic bag and took out something white. Her vision was so blurry she couldn't make out what it was and squinting at it didn't bring it any better into focus.

"Close your eyes, baby," Danny said softly.

And Hope closed her eyes, willing to follow his directions as they seemed to make everything easier for her. Easier was better. It wasn't confusing and he had been nothing but comforting since he walked in the room, despite the fact that he probably was the one who put her in that room. But what options did she have? She was so confused, but at the same time, completely relaxed. The injection definitely must've been a sedative.

What was that noise? That strange noise? And why was he lifting her legs in the air?

"She's so precious," Mel kept saying as he watched on.

And then the scent of baby powder filled the air, it's cool feel being caressed across her bottom by Danny's fingertips. What was he doing? And why was he doing it? Hope's head spun in such circles it made the process of finding answers far lengthier and more difficult. And, as it seemed, pointless. There were no answers there, only more questions. And that's the way it would remain until Danny decided otherwise.

From that first moment she met him, his presence spoke of dominance. But he was the kind of guy who kept his iron-clad fist inside a velvet glove at all times, until it was necessary to expose his power. He was kind, very kind. And it was because of this kindness that she never suspected him to be obsessed with anything to the point when reason left him – not even when he lowered her powdered bottom into that first diaper and parted.

He was a charmer who managed to make quick work of her doubts. The injection he had put in her bottom would begin a steady stream of medications, keeping her in a semi-drugged state of mind for several months to come. But she had no way of knowing where this all would lead to or how endangered she truly was – not even when he powdered her front, caressing the silky feel down between her legs. And as he folded the front of that diaper up and into place, fastening the tapes snuggly at her hips, his eyes spoke volumes of a kindness he seemed to be made purely of. And this was the greatest moment of all in captivating Hope.

Sliding his right hand between her legs and underneath her diapered bottom, he placed his left hand underneath her back and between her shoulder blades, helping her to sit up in the crib. It was at that moment

Hope realized how drugged up he had made her. A spinning head led to a spinning stomach and as he lifted her up into his arms, she collapsed onto him, whimpering a fuss that would've made any Daddy's heart melt. Perhaps she didn't see him as her Daddy, not yet anyways. But before long, she would only see him as that.

Sitting down on the leather couch, he placed her across his lap and nestled her in his arms. Leaning her head back into the crook of his left elbow, he gently rocked her, shushing her fussiness. And with each moment of nurturing, each word of kindness, each heartbeat of affection, Hope slipped more and more into his care, but also his control.

Mel handed Danny a baby bottle with a pink ring at the top, holding the rubber nipple on a bottle with cartoon-like butterflies designed on it. Hope squinted her eyes, trying to focus in on the designs on the bottle.

"Butterflies, baby," Danny said, touching the rubber nipple of the bottle to her bottom lip.

Opening her mouth, she took the nipple between her lips as he leaned the bottle up.

"And now it's time to put those butterflies in your tummy," he said as she began to swallow the warm milk inside. "That's a good girl. That's Daddy's good little BabyGirl. Yes, look what a good little baby you are. Daddy is very proud of you."

Hope closed her eyes, trying to reduce the spinning in her head and tying to ward off a headache. Quickly, she grew tired again, lulled into comfort by his words. He was so sweet to her. What she didn't know was that bottle of milk had been laced with more drugs to keep her sedated and complacent. He would bottle feed her several times each day, keeping her in an induced high of relaxation.

"When you strike it lucky, you really strike it lucky, Danny," Mel said, sitting on the other end of the leather sofa and watching Hope drink from the bottle as she nestled against Danny.

"The moment I saw her, I knew she was the one," Danny said softly, petting her bangs from her forehead.

Without even trying, Hope found herself bonding to Danny, relying on him for the will to live, it seemed. And as the drugs took further effect, she became sleepy once more. But before drifting off to sleep, she heard Danny say something eerier yet.

"She's just amazing," Mel said.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," Danny replied. "Nor has she."

Then, Hope went unconscious.

Hope gently stirred awake, some time later. She was lying on another soft mattress and from the brightness on her eyelids, it had become day time. Opening her eyes, she saw nothing but a blurry bright light. Blinking a few times, she began to see everything with double-vision, still blurry and without detail. Letting out a small groan, she attempted to push out the pacifier in her mouth with her tongue, but it wouldn't move. It was then that she realized a strap had been fastened to the pacifier, tied around the sides of her head and fastened behind.

Lifting her head up, she whimpered softly, not knowing where she was now, but seeing more crib bars around her. Lying on her belly, she could feel the hunger making her tummy growl, but added to that was a sharp pain in her gut and one that seemed worse with her lying flat on her belly. In an attempt to curl up into a ball to reduce the stomach pain, she found she couldn't her arms or legs as her wrists and her ankles had been restrained with cuffs to the bars. She was still naked, except for the diaper Danny had dressed her in, but now her hair was drawn up into two high pigtails. Looking over her shoulders as best she could, she saw stuffed animals and plush toys strewn across the crib mattress.

She whimpered again, wanting to know what was going on, where she was and why she was there. But there were still no answers, only bright sunlight coming through a bay window on the other side of the room and the sounds of football coming from the TV nearby. Then, she heard a toilet flush, followed by the appearance of a man from another room.

"Hello, baby," the man said softly with that same tone she heard Danny use. "Oh, I'm sorry, baby. I guess I should explain the restraints."

He lowered the side of the crib and sat next to her, first unfastening the cuffs from her ankles and then the cuffs from her wrists. Free from

her bindings, she relaxed more easily into the mattress, though her stomach still ached.

"Turn over," the man said, patting her diapered bottom.

With a still-drugged state, she did her best to turn over but struggled to get her limbs to work with her. It caused further confusion as sudden movements made her head spin. But she eventually made onto her back.

"That's a good girl," the man said, placing his hand on the diaper area between her legs and gently patting her, an action that gave her the slightest feel of inferiority.

Then, he slid two of his fingers behind the elastic edging of her diaper at her left thigh, feeling the inside of her diaper.

"You must be ready to explode at this point," the man said softly. "Don't hold it in. You'll give yourself a tummy ache that."

Hope looked around the room, trying to blink the blurriness out of her eyes, but finding no luck.

"Are you wondering where you are, baby?" the man asked.

She nodded slowly, then eased her head back onto the mattress, closing her eyes as she dealt with another bought of dizziness.

"You're home, baby," the man said with a gentle and inviting tone.

But regardless of how nice he sounded, what he just said to her horrified her beyond the point of reason. What on Earth did this guy mean by saying she was home? This place was definitely not home.

"Awww," he said gushingly as he slid his hand underneath her to pick her up. "You'll get used to it."

And as he lifted her into his arms, she began to tremble, whimpering slightly at what he just said.

"It's okay, baby. Daddy's right here. No one is going to hurt you," he whispered into her ear, carrying her up to the bay window and looking out at the city view.

Hope looked out the window as well, but couldn't make out any details for her double-vision. She knew clearly, however, that he had brought her some place that was quite far away from what she knew as *home*. And from his scent, she could tell it was the same man who cared for her last night.

Curling her hands into two soft fists she rubbed her eyes, trying hard to get them to work right.

"You are as adorable as can be," he said, kissing her right cheek. "Do you like your pigtails? You look very cute in them and I think we'll keep your hair like that from now on."

From now on? What? Who was this guy and what, in the name of all that was holy and decent, was he talking about? Why was she feeling so sluggish? Why couldn't she see straight? Why did he tie her down in a crib and why was she wearing a diaper? Where were her clothes? Her cell phone? Her purse?

"I can see in your eyes you have a lot of questions," he said, carrying her out to the kitchen. "I think it's time to explain everything to you."

Well, duh! That was only the understatement of understatements. She started wiggling her legs as much as she could for how sick she felt and how lethargic she was.

"Okay, okay," he said, gently. "I'll set you down."

He placed her on her feet by the kitchen sink and, being as she hadn't stood up in a while, she held onto the edge of the sink counter to take a moment to get her equilibrium right. Wiggling her legs, she tried to get them to feel right as well.

"You're a little doll baby, you are," he said, patting her diapered bottom before he walked over to the refrigerator.

She looked over at him, a little confused by his lackadaisical attitude about having left her naked in a dark room and then having tied her down in a crib. Who was this sicko? She had half a nerve to tell him off. As a matter of fact, that was exactly what she was going to do. And as he reached into the fridge for another prepared baby bottle, she let go of the counter edge to reach behind her head and finally unfasten this stupid strap that had kept her pacified. But when she left go of the counter, she fell straight backwards and landed firmly on her diaper diapered bottom. Because of the padding, she wasn't hurt, at least not physically.

"Oh, baby," he said with a genuine tone of concern. "Are you okay?"

Ignoring him, she tried to stand up again, but couldn't get her legs and arms to work together. Again and again she tried to stand but just couldn't do it. Confusion began to couple with frustration. And sitting on that kitchen, in nothing but her diaper, she pouted and began to cry.

"It's okay, baby," he said kneeling down next to her and wiping away her tears with a gentle thumb. "Hey, rainy face, it's okay. You'll be walking again before you know. But in a lot of ways you'll never understand, you're a *just-born* baby. And *just-born* babies don't walk."

He seemed so nice she couldn't understand why everything seemed fine to him and perfectly normal.

"Come on. It's time for breakfast," he said, scooping her up into his arms, carrying her back into the TV room with the bay window and taking a seat on the sofa, placing her across his lap and in the cradle of his arms, just as he did last night in that dark room.

He unfastened the strap that held her pacifier in and as he eased her neck back into the crook of his left elbow, she learned that *breakfast* meant *another baby bottle*. But the moment that pacifier nipple came out of her mouth, she clamped her lips shut. There would be no more of these charades until he started answering some questions … like namely: where was her cell phone? - because she needed to call the police.

"Don't you want breakfast, baby?" he asked with a softened tone, still inviting of the kindness he had shown her since he walked into that dark room last night.

She shook her head *no* and likely would've crossed her arms, had her arms not gone numb.

"Are you sure?" he asked with concern. "You've got to be getting hungry at this point?"

At that moment, Hope had another revelation. This guy was planning to feed her with yet another baby bottle of milk. And by the sounds of the way he was talking, these baby bottles would be the only *food* she would receive. As she contemplated this, her tummy growled.

"Uh-huh. I thought so," he said playfully as he placed the nipple of the bottle to her bottom lip, but still she refused to open her mouth.

Feeling the diaper between her legs again, he looked at her with a concern that was genuine.

"Uh-oh. That's why you're diaper is still dry and clean," he said, making her look at him with confusion. "You're stopped up inside. Luckily, Daddy bought some enemas for that."

Hope's eyes grew big-n-wide and she shook her head *no* frantically as she then opened her mouth and took the nipple of the bottle between her lips.

"That's a good girl," he said with a warm smile, returning to a relaxed demeanor as he patted the front of her diaper, a gesture that made her uncomfortable – though she tried not to let on to her discomfort.

And as she began to swallow the first few mouthfuls of the milk, she smiled softly at how he had added a bit of strawberry flavoring to it. But the smile faded quickly as she also began to swallow the truth that he was holding her captive, yet he acted like he didn't realize. There was something horrifically wrong with him and she had no idea how to get away. She also didn't know that the bottle she was drinking from was even more drugged with higher levels of medicine and before long, she would feel her free mind being taken from her.

Yet still, he was the ever-kind Daddy – rocking her back-n-forth gently and taking such good care of her that the stomach ache left her along with the pain in her gut. And though she was helpless, he was doing anything physical to her. But this didn't mean that danger wasn't going to arrive.

The strawberry milk tasted so wonderful and calmed her so much that her nerves dulled and lessened in his arms, putting her in a state of mind to be able to hear what he was about to tell her.

"I've waited all my life to find a BabyGirl like you," he said, patting her diapered bottom and holding her against him as she continued to nurse from the bottle. "And the moment I saw you at that party, I knew we were meant to meet, but not as strangers. No, no, no. We had to meet as the two people we were going to be for each other."

At last, answers.

"And before I could even let you meet me, you had to know who you were," he continued, running his free hand up-n-down her naked back. "I could clearly see the BabyGirl that you are, inside. And I so terribly wanted to introduce myself as your Daddy. But I knew that before I could my BabyGirl, you had to meet her first."

His eyes were filled with such genuine love and his words told such a sweet story, yet the meaning of his words told the eerie, ugly truth that

he was out of his own mind, lost in his own dream world – where everything made perfect sense, but only to him.

"And I'm so glad I waited until I found you, baby," he said, leaning her up and embracing her to pat her back after she finished the bottle. "This all may seem very strange. A new house, a new life, a new name. But I assure you, you belong nowhere else in this world than with me, with your Daddy."

Trying not to tremble, she embraced him back, not wanting to upset him for fear of what he might do – should the happiness that she had brought into his demented world be suddenly taken away. She burped at his pats, making him gush. But then sleepiness overcame her, as it would do every time he bottle-fed – an initial reaction to the strength of the medication she just drank. And not thinking anything to be out of the ordinary that she kept getting sleepy, he plunked her pacifier back in her mouth and carried her over to her crib. She truly was a newborn baby in his eyes, sleeping three times as long as she was awake.

Laying her on her belly, he reattached the cuffs to her wrists. Feeling quite drowsy, she whimpered behind her pacifier, trying to ask him why he was tying her down again. But her mind, so filled with still-unanswered questions of how she got there, how she was going to get away, the effects of the drugs he was putting into her through bottle feedings as well as injections, her mind just couldn't find the motor skills to speak up.

"It's okay, baby," he said, patting her diapered bottom and filling the space around her on the crib mattress with the stuffed animals lying about. "We're going to fix your clogged issue. I'll be right back."

Her *clogged* issue? What did that mean? And where was he going? Did he mean he was going to give her an enema? Oh my, no. No, no. no. This was bad. And trying her best to keep from passing out from the medication, she struggled to get up onto her knees. She needed to get away. And she needed to get away *now*.

Hoisting her diapered bottom up into the air, she crawled forward, trying to put slack in her wrist restraints enough to wiggle free from them. But they were fastened to her too tightly to wiggle out of and her hands were too far apart to reach the strap, so she spit the pacifier out and tried to work the straps free, but she heard him returning from

wherever he had gone and time had run out. So all she could do was hope that she could pull the straps from the bars.

Leaning back, she heaved with all her might, only to lose the *footing* her knees had on the side of the crib. She fell out of the crib and sat on the floor, her arms still caught in the restraints.

"Oopsy, daisy," he said, scooping her back side up and putting her back in the crib.

She froze in horror, but as hindsight would make clear, she probably shouldn't have frozen in horror with her diapered bottom sticking up in the air as she found herself on her knees in the center of the mattress. Lowering the back of her diaper, he parted her bottom cheeks with one hand and held them apart at the middle as he inserted the long, slender nozzle of the enema bottle into her rosebud.

Hope was anything but an exploratory girl. And she had never felt anything entering the exit before. So, her initial reaction wasn't to scream, but instead she gasped for air as the new sensation gave her a physical discomfort. In other words, it hurt a little bit, but it wasn't nearly as jolting as when he squeezed the bottle and she felt the cool liquid entering into her bottom. Lying her head down on the mattress, she let out a soft, crying moan as he continued emptying the bottle into her.

"It's okay, baby," he said with that comforting *Daddy* tone that was becoming all-too-familiar to her. "You'll feel better after this. Just be a good girl and try to relax your muscles."

Willing to do anything to lessen the pain in her rear end, she listened to him, relaxing her sphincter and her legs as the cool fluid kept filling her inside. And when he was done, he slowly removed the nozzle, pulling the back of her diaper up into place again as she let out a soft, crying sigh of relief. He returned the pacifier that had fallen to the mattress to her lips and lifted up the side of the crib. While lying there with her knees still drawn up and her diapered bottom still sticking up in the air, she looked up at him with a helpless silent plea.

"Now you lie down and let it all back out," he instructed, patting her diapered bottom, but she didn't move – instead looking up at him in horror. "Don't fight it, baby. It'll hurt if you fight it. Show Daddy what a good baby you are."

Feeling terrified, she lied down flat, stretching her legs out and feeling her inside churn with the enema water. And then all at once, she seized up her sphincter, tightening her rosebud with such force that her legs shook. There was no way she was going to poop herself, no way, no how, nope.

He sighed, patting her now-shaking diapered bottom as he walked back over to the couch and sat down to return to watching his football on the TV. Thankfully, she did have her pacifier in her mouth. And it was good to have that rubber nipple to bite down on as the need to release grew within her, quickly and exponentially. But she was determined to fight it, as long as she could. The inevitable would certainly have to happen, sooner or later. But not resisting it seemed like a strange surrender. Hope wasn't accustomed to giving up. It just seemed like a waste of time to not try. But when the battle of clenching was joined by a sharp pain in her gut, she had to give up. It hurt too much to keep fighting.

So, she relaxed her sphincter and unclenched her rosebud, softly weeping into her pacifier as she felt the results of the enema erupting out of her rosebud. It felt so good to let go, but it was also embarrassing – not just for being made to poop in her diaper but for how noisily she did so. Her usual, cleanly and discreet manner of taking care of personal business like this was a thing of the past. And as she felt the back of her diaper filling up and puffing out with a disgusting-feeling mess, she contemplated how this was going to be an everyday routine for her – should she not find a way to escape.

Looking over at him, she saw he had dozed off himself and as her bowel movement ended, she closed her eyes, knowing that was his prisoner and know that he didn't see it that way. How to get him to see it was the final thought, before sleep, that kept captivating Hope.

Captivating Hope, *Part Two*

Hope found herself staring out the window of her nursery as she lied on her changing table. It was the first snow fall of the season that day, usually a sight that made her excited. She loved the snow. But holding her legs straight up in the air, she knew that the restraints tying her wrists to the table, the mess in her diaper and her captivity as Danny's BabyGirl were all constant reminders that she would never play in the snow again.

The snowfall outside was the only indicator of how long she had been locked in his 7th floor apartment. Days and nights had blended together into weeks and now months. Her life as she had always known it had changed forever. She would never get away from him, she was sure of it now. And though she kept reminding herself of what her name used to be, each passing day of a drugged existence kept threatening to erase the name hope from her mind, replacing it with Danny's sweet tone when calling her *BabyGirl*. She responded only to that name anymore and as she had never been allowed out of that apartment since he brought her there, Danny was the only human interaction she knew these days.

Foggy thoughts became her usual state of mind. Modesty was gone. A sense of femininity was gone. The lust for sexuality was gone. And all that remained was a truly nice guy whom she called Daddy – truly nice indeed, but so far detached from reality, she often wondered how he was able to function outside of that apartment.

And though she probably ought not to have felt it, when he walked back into her nursery from the bathroom hallway with a basin of soapy water and a washcloth, her heart skipped a beat at first sight of him. He was such a sweet and loving guy, she wished he wasn't demented. But there was no helping him and therefore, there was no helping her. Still, each day, he *babied* her without thought of himself.

"It's okay, baby. We're gonna get that poopy diaper off you now," he said with his usual syrupy-thick Daddy tone, setting the basin at the end of the changing table and beginning to unfasten the tapes at her hips before lowering the front of her diaper to the table.

This was one of those proving moments that modesty was truly lost. With a mess she cared not to even imagine the sight of all over her

bottom, smashed across both her bottom cheeks and unfortunately spreading up to her front, Hope hardly batted an eyelash at the lack of vanity – even from a BabyGirl's standpoint. Steadily nursing on her pacifier, she stared up at the ceiling as he wiped the majority of the mess off her with the soaked front of the diaper before sliding it away. This used to be humiliating, especially when he would take pictures of her. But it no longer seemed awkward to her at all. It had become her daily reality and she had learned to accept that her mind would constantly be searching for stimuli until it eventually regressed completely.

As he dipped the wash cloth in the soapy water in the basin, her mind began to drift back to recent memories. And as she began to feel that welcomed relief of the mess, she thought about how every single day of her life had become the exact same thing, with no variety at all, other than the flavors of milk in her baby bottle feedings.

Every day, they would wake up at 6 am. He would feed her a bottle, changed her diaper, nurture her for a few minutes and then lock her in her crib – this crib being different from the one in the TV room as this one had a locking top. It looked like a cage but had all the innocent comforts of a crib inside. Then he would go to work and she would remain locked in that crib, wearing nothing but her diaper and having been given only one pack of crackers and a bowl of water to sustain her until he got home at 5pm.

And just like today, he would come straight into the nursery when he got home, unlock her and change her diaper as she often had made a wet and/or dirty mess of herself throughout the day. The only comfort in those lone hours of the day was the nursery rhyme music that he played through the same speaker system he used on the night she was first brought to this apartment.

Wearing only a diaper as usual, she cooked for him, cleaned for him, serviced him and did everything without hesitation as well as doing everything perfectly. She remained fearful of what he might do, should his happy little world be disturbed. Yet, he did nothing to her that was unpleasant. In fact, he took better care of her than she had ever been taken care of by anyone.

Drying her with another wash cloth, he patted her between her legs.

"Do you feel better, baby?" he asked, caressing her smoothness as she nodded to him. "And do you have anything to say?"

"I love you, Daddy," she whispered softly in mumble behind her pacifier, smiling at him with honesty.

He truly was a caring soul. And all she ever said to him was *"I love you, Daddy"* and the obligatory *"Yes, Daddy"*. In fact, those were the only words she had spoken I all these months with him, other than singing along with the nursery rhymes until she got sick of them.

Watching him unfolded her new diaper, she marveled over how she had a growing love for the man who kidnapped her.

In his eyes and his heart, he truly saw her as a BabyGirl – not as a girl he had held captive and turned into a fantasy doll. Her job, her family, her friends, no one had heard from her. She could only assume that she had been declared a missing person. But from where she laid, she was a missing person who would never be found and who couldn't find a way to break free and escape. He never left her out of his sight and kept her locked up when he was away. He made no mistakes in ensuring that she would always be there with him.

Sliding the diaper underneath her bottom, he coated her cheeks with baby powder, caressing it out evenly and smiling at her as if this were the most wonderful thing she would feel all day. Never opposing him at all, she smiled back sweetly, closing her eyes and whimpering softly to make him believe that she was enjoying what he was doing to her.

She used to be truly scared of him, but she had long since realized that he would never hurt her, so long as she was completely obedient and remained the BabyGirl of his dreams.

He bathed her by hand every day. He shaved all the hair off her body, from her neck down, keeping her smooth. He kept her in a diaper all the time and fed her nothing but those drugged-up baby bottles of milk, flavoring them differently each time. He even kept her in a diaper when she had her period each month, going so far as to douche her, when she needed it. There was nothing he wouldn't do for her, except the one thing she wanted more than anything else – to be let go.

After powdering her front with the same gentle caress as he used on her bottom, he folded up the front of her diaper and snuggly taped it at her hips. Lifting her hands up to him, she beckoned him to help her sit up, knowing what it was that he wanted to see and knowing how to

show him her neediness every time an opportunity arose. Sitting her up, he helped her hop down off the changing table and immediately she embraced him as he folded down the waistband of her diaper and situated it on her hips to be comfortable. Then, he took her hand and led her out of the nursery, down the hallway to the kitchen. She followed a half step behind him, keeping her chin lowered and nursing on her pacifier.

She would've been lying if she had said that she didn't like the attention. 'Age play', 'infantilism', 'role play' – whatever it was called, was something she never would've tried on her own. But having been subjected to it as a lifestyle, there was something to be said for the attention he gave her. And there was something to be said for a guy who was willing to tend to her every need, every day, all the time. It had simply happened in the most bizarre and horrific of circumstances unimaginable.

The journey from n=her nursery to the kitchen was one of the rare chances she got to actually walk, the rest of the time being carried or being made to crawl. She lived an exact routine and had everything provided for her without having to work or support herself. And she often wondered if she would even be able to do those things anymore. She truly believed she no longer had the will power to function on her own and perhaps remained his captive was the only intelligent decision. As she began to prepare dinner for him, she thought about how she had long since bonded with him. And making him dinner was one of those things that made her happy. But on this particular night, her happiness was about to be shattered.

"Baby, I've been doing something lately and I believe we're ready to move forward with our relationship," he said, sitting down at the kitchen table to read the newspaper.

He wouldn't make another sound until she was almost done with his steak and mashed potato dinner. And as she plated his meal, seeing that the gravy still needed a few minutes yet on the stove, he dropped a bombshell that almost took her off her feet.

"We're ready to get married," he said suddenly folding up the newspaper and setting it on the kitchen table before turning in his chair to face her at the stove. "And I think we're ready to have a baby."

Hope quickly bit down on the nipple of her pacifier to prevent it from falling out of her mouth and she swallowed the lump in her throat as she turned around and walked his plate of food over to him.

"Would you like Daddy to make you pregnant?" he asked as she set the plate of food in front of him on the table.

"Yes, Daddy," she mumbled softly and sweetly behind her pacifier, too scared to say *no*.

"Is the gravy ready soon?" he asked picking up his fork and knife and changing the subject as if the decision had been made and was clearly mutual.

She nodded before turning around and crinkling back to the stove. He began to cut his steak and started to eat. She reached up and opened one of the cupboard doors to get the final spice for the gravy when she saw the medicine box he stored in that cupboard had been left unlocked. Reaching inside the medicine box, she picked up a small bottle with a funny word on it. Reading what it said on the side, she discovered it to be the sedative that he used to drug her. Looking back at him through the corner of her eye, she slowly walked over to the gravy at the stove, making as though she were putting the final spice in it, but also dumping the majority of the bottle of medication in it as well.

Stirring it thoroughly, she grabbed a ladle and walked the pot of gravy over to him, pouring an enormous heaping amount of it on his mashed potatoes. Returning the pot to the stove, she knelt down next to his chair, folded her hands and placed them on her lap in a lady-like manner before looking up at him and listening to him tell her about his day at work.

She always knelt by his side as he ate dinner, awaiting him to finish before he bottle fed her. This was the usual routine. But on this particular day, the routine would change, or so Hope … *hoped*. She knew that the sedative worked quickly and she hoped that he would finish his meal before it made him light-headed. Leaving a small amount in the medicine bottle, she also hoped he wouldn't believe any to be missing. And there she knelt, listening to the events of his day just like she did every day.

He would indeed finish his dinner and immediately prepared her baby bottle of chocolate milk, adding the sedative as normal before he made her crawl into the TV room, up onto the couch and onto his lap.

As submissive as always, she leaned her head back into the crook of his left elbow and took the nipple of the baby bottle between her lips in exchange for her pacifier. But this time she feigned swallowing the milk, still looking up at him with a lost dreaminess in her gaze.

She wouldn't have to hold up this act for very long before his head dropped straight back and he passed out. Sitting up, she hopped off his lap and went through his coat pockets, looking for the keys to the front door and hopefully his car as well, but she couldn't find them in his coat. Then she returned to him, going through his pants pockets and finding his ring of keys. And for the first time in months, Hope felt an optimistic heart beat that her nightmare might well be coming to an end.

Putting his coat on, she ran to the door as fast as her lessening sedation would allow her. Usually, by now she was feeling the effects of the new dosage. But when she got the door, she saw that it had a combination lock. Running back to him she fished through his pockets again to find his cell phone and try to call 9-1-1. But his cell phone had a password lock on it, which she obviously didn't know.

"Baby? Where are you?" he said, partially stirring to as he looked across the TV room at her.

And then a race began as she grabbed three stuffed animals from the crib, taking his coat off, wrapping them in the coat and charging straight at the glass bay window overlooking the city. She crashed through the glass, using the stuffed animals as shield and only sustaining a few cuts on her shins and feet. Out onto the ledge she climbed, bleeding and now wearing nothing but a diaper. From seven stories up, the cold winter wind chilled her to the bone. But he climbed out onto the building's ledge after her, scaling along the lip just as she was doing.

"It's okay, baby. Just come back inside with Daddy," he said gripping anything he could on the building's exterior to keep his dizziness from making him fall.

Getting to the corner of the building, Hope felt the strong crosswinds on the other side of the corner. So, she got down on her hands-n-knees, doing what she did best and crawling along the building's lip on the other side and making it to the fire escape stairs. But her steps down the stairs were smaller in stride and slower than his for being barefooted. And soon, he had caught up to her. She never would've had a chance to get away if he had been suffering from the

sedative himself. And though her escape was slow on her part, he wasn't much faster for feeling the effects of his own demented poison.

The stairs were bitter cold, causing her feet to begin to go numb and the rickety winding of the fire escape kept her head spinning, albeit not nearly as bad as Danny's condition, but getting to the bottom level of steps, she found herself facing a ten foot drop to get to the ground. He was steadily closing in on, labored by his own devices. And Hope had no other choice but to jump.

The winter wind howled, making her long for the warm comfort of his apartment and her crib and she almost thought about turning around and running back into his arms, apologizing to him and begging for forgiveness. But she didn't run back to him, instead taking a leap of faith and land awkwardly on her right ankle when she hit the ground. She heard the bones snap when she landed and now she couldn't run back to him or away from him. But that didn't mean she wasn't going to try. Up on her feet she went, beginning the quickest hobble she had ever made. The coldness outside, coupled with her numbing condition and the snow-covered ground lessened the pain of a broken ankle – just enough to give her the ability to stay ahead of him.

Snow fell heavier now and she never believed that she would ever wish for a snowfall to stop. Earlier, when she watched the snowfall from her nursery window, she never believed she would ever be out in the snow again. And crossing the street, heading for the nearby park, she didn't believe she was going to live to see another snowfall, should he catch her. But it seemed more likely than ever that she wasn't going to get away. Her strides were smaller still, partially from the ankle and partially from the bitter cold weather beginning to set frost bite to her fingers and toes.

And with one sudden thrust, he caught up to her, tackling her to the ground, but knocking himself dizzy in the process. The only thing keeping him from passing out at this point was his need to not lose the BabyGirl he had been searching for his whole life. She was scared and she was hurting and he wasn't upset with her at all, despite everything that had happened since he ate dinner.

Crawling free from his grip, she got back up to her feet and continued hobbling along, making her way out of the park and across another street into a grocery store parking lot. The snow was falling at

its heaviest now. The roads and sidewalks were a blanket of thickening white. Her feet were numb, giving her the ability to continue to hobble along with pain that was bearable. But thankfully, their chase ended in that parking lot – just not in the way she expected it to and not in any way she was prepared to deal with.

A patrol car, slowly driving the vacant snow-covered streets saw the chase and pulled into the parking lot. Two policemen got out of the car and drew their weapons, pointing them directly at Danny, who was having trouble keeping himself upright as he raised his hands. Hope collapsed to the ground, her ankle now beginning to swell and throb, despite her frost bitten feet. Seeing she was crying and hurting, Danny walked towards her.

And that was when he was shot.

Suddenly, everything became slow motion as she turned around and saw him falling backwards, a bullet wound having made a hole directly over his heart. He hit the ground and she felt the pain in her own heart, as if their bond had been severed. Crawling over to him, she knelt by his side one last time, cradling him as he took his last breaths.

"You were a good Daddy," she said with tears as she watched him dying in her arms.

Brushing the hair back off his forehead, she tried to comfort him as he began to lose consciousness. Rocking him gently back-n-forth in her arms, she relived every act of kindness he had shown in her the past few months. And all of it suddenly seemed like everything she had ever wanted.

"I love you, Daddy," she whispered as tears streamed from his eyes before he passed away.

Late Night at the Grease Spoon

Joy looked up through the front windshield, yawning as she saw the full moon. Speeding down the road, she nibbled on her lower lip. Neither yawning nor a full moon were good signs. The full moon always brought the crazies out late at night and yawning meant she was tired. But there would be no sleep for her any time soon and where she was headed, there would be no way to avoid the late night crowd.

Joy was a graveyard shift waitress at the 24-hour *Grease Spoon Diner* at the edge of town. It was actually her second job, a bit of a necessity to make ends meet.

She remembered when she set out to bold go where she wanted to in life, but she had no idea that every conceivable obstacle would get in her way – from education to money to love. But she made the best of things as she could, working as a billing clerk for a lawyer from 3pm-11pm each day. Then she would jump in her car and speed her way to the dinner for her 11:30 pm – 7am shift. Afterwards, she always went directly home, took a shower and collapsed in bed – only to wake up at noon and start all over again the next day.

On particular nights, she would have to change into her waitressing outfit in the car on the way there. The owner of the diner was a stickler for people showing up on time and Joy couldn't risk being fired. So, she tempted fate each night and made the 40-minute trip from the office to the diner in 25 minutes, stripping down in the car when she came to a red light. But Joy certainly lived up to her name and as an eternal optimist, she thought of where she would be in life when she could finally look back on her diner days and laugh.

With so much working, however, Joy didn't have the ability to meet very many people and though she had been living this double just-over-broke lifestyle for six months, the only interaction she had with anyone was with the late night diner patrons, a rowdy crowd that only got rowdier by 3 am when they all poured in from the bars. And while it was good late night business for the diner, her drunken customers hardly tipped her anything. So, she struggled even more so. But thus far, she had come out alright each month.

At the first red light, she unzipped the back of her business skirt, sliding it down her legs as she kicked her black heels off. Taking hold

of the side of her nylons, she began to slide them down her legs as well when the light suddenly turned green. As if the person in the car behind her was in a bigger hurry than she was, a blaring car horn forced her to abandon her undressing and start to drive. Being literally caught with her pants down, she grunted in frustration. Maybe if she wasn't expected to wear such difficult layers to take off in a rush, this all wouldn't be so bad. Maybe if she had been paid a little more money by her lawyer boss, she wouldn't be driving to a second job at breakneck speed while stripping down in the first place.

But then again, maybe this was a test, intended to make her appreciate what she had. And that was Joy, the little optimist who could. Pulling up to the next red light, she put the car in park reached down to the front floor, grabbing and tossing her skirt and heels into the back seat. Then she lifted her feet up and put them on the top of the steering wheel as she parted her thighs, bowing them outward. Keeping an eye on the red light this time, she grabbed ahold of the top of the nylons and kept pulling them down her legs, fighting with them until they finally came off her feet. Rolling her eyes, she put her legs back down and sat up straight, slamming on the accelerator at the moment the light turned green and speeding off while looking in her rearview mirror at Mr. Impatient BMW behind her.

She began to unbutton her blouse, reaching into the backseat to grab the small plastic bag she kept her waitress outfit in, a pink 1950's throwback with such disgustingly adorable lacy hems and collar that it made her sick to even look at it. Pulling up to the next red light, she slid her blouse off her shoulders and reached into the plastic back for the white ankle socks that would soothe her aching feet through the night. Putting each foot into her pre-tied white sneakers, she reached into the back for the pink waitressing outfit when Mr. Impatient BMW honked his horn behind her. She looked up at the newly-turned green light and grunted again as she slammed on the gas.

Now speeding down the highway in her bra, panties and sneakers, she smiled at the thought of how she got herself into such predicaments as this. But perhaps if she forewent putting the waitress outfit on, she might get better tips, just as she was then. Beginning to unfold the pink outfit to quickly slide it underneath her at the next light, she thought about how much she truly hated *The Grease Spoon Diner*. And this

thought in her mind was so consuming that as she pulled up to the next red light in her nightly string of *stops-n-goes* on the way, she slid the pink outfit underneath her on the seat but was completely unaware of Mr. Impatient BMW pulling up alongside her in the next lane over.

Finally sensing a car next to her she slowly turned her head to see three guys in the BMW. First, there was Mr. Impatient himself, a rather handsome guy with short hair, a scruffy face and piercing dark eyes. Sitting next to him in the front passenger's seat was a curly-haired scrawny-looking fella in a flannel shirt, a John Deere hat and he was sporting a fat lower lip as he lifted an empty coke bottle to spit his tobacco juice in it. And in the backseat was the jock of the group, a muscle-bound guy with no real compelling expression on his face.

Joy looked straight ahead through the windshield, trying not to look back at them again. But they were definitely looking her way, seeing that she was wearing nothing but her unmentionables. Oh, how embarrassing, how humiliating. And the only thing that would mortified her worse would've been if they had seen what she kept in a small knapsack under her front passenger's seat.

Despite their honking and whistling at her, Joy kept her eyes straight ahead, waiting for the light to turn green. But even as she was only a few miles from the diner, there were several more red lights to go … unless … she slammed on the gas and sped up to beat them all before they turned red.

Raising her left eyebrow at the idea, a second thought came to mind as well – one that just might be a bit naughty. This Tom, Dick and Harry trio in the car next to her were going to tail her the whole way, if she didn't do something about it. And since she knew she wouldn't have any fun at work that night, she decided she was going to have a little fun right then and there. Slowly turning her head towards them, she gave Mr. Impatient a wink with a few battings of her eyelashes to follow. And, so she would get the jump on them when the light turned green, she decided to give them what they wanted – a little show. In reality, it would be the perfect distraction.

Slowly trailing her fingernails up her left arm to her shoulder, she smile gently and sweetly as she slid her thumb under her bra strap, lifting it up slowly and lowering it down her arm to her bicep. Giving them innocent puppy dog eyes, she lowered the bra strap off her right

shoulder in the same manner, selling a fake pout with her lower lip as she did her 'best' to keep the cups of her bra from falling down. Out of the corner of her right eye, she saw the opposing traffic light turn from green to yellow. And with an added bit of shock right before she slammed on the gas, she picked up her pacifier from the center console, sticking out her tongue and placing the rubber nipple on it before taking the pacifier between her lips.

Smiling brightly and sweetly behind the pacifier, she winked at the boys and waved by-bye to them as she slammed on the gas the very second that light turned green.

Her wheels spun out to start, but she eventually picked up a lot of speed quickly. The rush of driving fast was one of those bits of excitement that were absent from her involuntary workaholic life. And encounters like the one she just had with that testosterone trio back at the light could really stand to duplicate themselves for her a bit more often.

Getting to the diner, she pulled around back and parked in one of the employee spaces. And with five minutes to go, she decided to relive how much fun it was to flirt without caution. She leaned back on her seat and slinked down. A bit surprised at the fact that she put the pacifier in her mouth, she reveled in how good her fantasies made her feel. It was a long shot that her fantasies could ever replace her reality, but, being the eternal optimist, she always kept her fingers crossed that someday, somehow, a man would walk into her life out of the crystal clear blue, sweep her off her feet and indulge her age play dreams.

Sitting up in her seat with the arrival of another naughty thought, she leaned over and reached under the front passenger's seat – picking up the small knapsack and taking out one of the diapers she kept stocked inside it. The Daddy of her dreams would never appear magically until she indulged in the dreams herself. And it had been a while since she diapered up for a night shift of serving chicken with waffles and cream-chipped beef. Still fluttering inside from her red light show down, she decided tonight she would indulge in it all.

Buttoning up the front of her pink waitress outfit and taking a moment when she got out of her car to fidget out the initial and loudest crinkles of her diaper before going into the diner, Joy had no idea how truthful her indulgence of fantasy would become before she clocked out

to go home. Nor did she know the horrors that awaited her inside *The Grease Spoon Diner*.

"Have a good night, Joy," Stacey, the second shift waitress said as she bolted out of the diner, the minute Joy appeared to the front of the restaurant.

"I'll try," Joy replied as they both shared knowing grins of how miserable working there could be.

Those annoying little bells jingled as Joy opened the front door, walking up into the front vestibule before opening the second set of front door to hear another set of annoying bells. She grunted at the sound of them, wishing she could tear them down and smash them all. As the door closed behind her she closed her eyes and took in a deep breath. This was no way to start her shift. If she was going to spend the whole night in a bad mood, she might as well just go home. Having the ability to find a second job was a blessing, especially with the struggling economy putting people out of work, left and right. She reminded herself she needed to be grateful for what she had, not what she wanted.

"Rough night?" she heard a familiar voice say from the first booth to the right.

Walking over to the booth, she smiled, taking a seat opposite Pierce, one of the night time regulars. He was an attractive guy, very soft spoken and always polite. He worked second shift at Gobbler's Knob Dairy, a local company that made tea, milk and ice cream. And most nights he stopped at the diner to get something to eat before he went home. But by the time Joy got there to start her graveyard waitressing, he was usually finishing up his nightly meal of steak and eggs.

"Don't you ever wanna order something different?" Joy asked him with a laugh.

"Nope," he said, shoveling in the last of the eggs on his plate. "They were actually cooked a bit differently tonight than normal."

"Why?" Joy asked, perplexed. "What? Did Mike add to many meat rubs to them?"

"Mike called in sick. Stacey made them," Pierce answered.

"Mike called in sick?" Joy asked, looking to the kitchen behind the front counter. "Oh my God. And I bet nobody's coming in to replace him."

"Some things never change," Pierce said, finishing up his coffee. "If it's any conciliation, Stacey did a better job of cooking than Mike has ever done. And I know you'll do a better job, too."

"Thanks," Joy said grimly as she got up from the booth.

"Joy, do something for me," he said, standing up. "I want you to think about the one thing in this world you want more than anything else. Focus on what that one thing is all night as you're here. And the next time I see you, I want you to tell me what that one thing is."

"Okay …" she said confused as she watched him walk to the bathroom. "Why?"

"Because you deserve whatever it is," he said, turning around to face her. "For someone who can make everyone smile no matter what the circumstances are, it's high-time that smile gets put back on your face. It can be difficult to see beyond the present sometimes, but you should never stop looking that way."

And Joy smiled at him.

"That a girl," Pierce said, winking at her before heading to the bathroom.

She watched him walk into the bathroom and thought about what he said. He was right. There were a lot of good things that she did at that diner and a lot of people whom she made happy. That really should make her happy, too. Though they were small, they were still moments that wouldn't have happened otherwise.

As he closed the bathroom door behind him, Joy quickly leaned in and sniffed his coat as it hung on the hook at the end of his booth. She loved his scent and often wanted to ask him what it was. She knew it wasn't just a cologne, but a mixture of other scents as well. She wished she could bottle it and sell it, simply calling it *Pierce*. Overnight, she'd be a millionaire. She was sure of this.

Making her way back to the kitchen, she focused on the night ahead. Her nightshift was usually just she and a cook, for lack of business – save for the drunks at 3 am who were headed home from the bars. But with Mike calling in sick, her night wouldn't ever get slow as shoe would have to cook the food as well as wait on the tables as well as do the nightly cleaning in the kitchen – a daunting challenge in itself.

Thank God she got a chance to talk with Pierce for a little cheering, but also for a few moments of tingling in all the right places – not just

from him or his scent but from the naughtiness of being in a diaper and fantasizing about Pierce in ways she could never admit.

Making her way to the manager's desk in the back, she thought she'd at least make another attempt to find a cook who could come in before she succumbed to cooking herself. But as she thumbed through the employees' records to find phone numbers, her mind was already pre-occupied with other things – not for how she was going to make it through the night should the diner suddenly get unusually busy, but rather, for an answer to Pierce's question. Surprisingly, for as much as Joy thought about the things she didn't have, she had trouble coming up with the single greatest one. The obvious answer was finding that man who would sweep her off her feet. But it certainly couldn't be just that. The purpose of her life wasn't sole comprised of finding him. She had many interests, many things she enjoyed doing and many things she still wanted to do.

Smirking to herself, she marveled over how it wasn't easy to honestly answer his question. Unfortunately, her time to find a replacement cook came to a sudden end as she heard the irritating little door bells chiming out front. Standing up, she took one step forward but then stopped, realizing that sitting in a desk for just a few minutes had bunched up her diaper. And now she had an oddly shaped bottom … or so it appeared through the back of her skirt.

"Hello?" she heard an unfamiliar voice call from the front.

"I'll be right out," she called to them as she pulled up the bottom half of her waitressing outfit to re-situate the diaper. "Find a booth. I'll be right there."

Lowering her skirt back into place, she smiled a bit, thinking of how she could still have a little fun on this night by simply wearing a diaper. And as she made her way out front, she thought how lucky she would be to not have to use the restroom – especially since she might not get a chance to, if the diner got busy. But when she got out front, she froze in horror, seeing that the Tom, Dick and Harry in that BMW from the red lights had walked in.

If she had drunk anything recently, she certainly would've wet herself just then.

"Well, how about that?" the guy who drove the BMW said as he grinned at her. "If it isn't the strip-teasing girl who drove away …"

Joy didn't know what to do or what to say, but she instantly knew something was going to go terribly wrong. For a brief moment, she thought about calling the police as the trio sat in the first booth on the right. But even if she had called the police, what would she have told them? These guys had done anything wrong and making a cop drive to the diner was only going to encourage these guys to tail her home later. They must've followed her. This was too coincidentally to truly be coincidence.

Straightening herself up, she grabbed three menus from behind the counter and started walking over to them. But the crinkles under her skirt suddenly became deafeningly loud to her and she slowed her steps, trying to keep them quiet. In the process of doing so, she began to unintentionally move in a flirtatious way … or at least she thought they would see it that way. Why wouldn't they? After all, she did lower her bra straps, deliberately flirting with them while racing them.

Standing in front of them, she smiled politely, placing two menus in front of the jock and the flannel shirt guy who had taken seats on either end of the booth. Then she leaned over the table to place the third menu in front of Mr. Impatient who was sitting against the window. But when she leaned over the table, she made an obvious crinkling noise, freezing in place for a moment as she swallowed the lump in her throat before slowly standing back up with another unfortunate crinkle.

"What can I get you guys to drink?" she asked cheerfully, trying not to allow any shakiness to come through in her voice.

"Just bring a pot of coffee," Mr. Impatient said with a devilish grin. "High octane."

She knew right away, that they would be staring at her bottom as she walked back behind the counter. They would've done that anyway, but the fact that she was diapered only made the thought of it that much more unnerving. In any other circumstance, she might've enjoyed a few tingles in the right places, but there was something about these guys that frightened her.

"Cream, sugar?" she asked, cheerfully.

"Sweetheart," the flannel shirt guy said with a disgustingly low timbre. "I hardly know you. But I bet you would cream all over yourself if you spent the night with me."

Joy's skin crawled at his comment and her face turned red, not with embarrassment but with a little discomfort. Then she turned and began her slow pace walk, trying again to keep the crinkle at a minimum.

"You are really pathetic," Mr. Impatient said to the flannel shirt guy. "Is that really how you hit on a girl?"

"Of course it is," the jock said, looking at the flannel shirt guy as well. "He's been that way since college. And he hasn't changed."

"Damn right, I ain't changed," the flannel shirt guy said with a contented smile as he sat back and put both of his hands behind his head. "You can't improve on perfection."

"Yeah, and you also can't fix *stupid*," Mr. Impatient added.

Behind the counter, Joy kept her chin lowered as she filled the pot of coffee, but she kept quickly glancing over at the guys. She contemplated taking the diaper. It was making the situation worse and would only give them fuel for banter, should they figure it out. But in the same thought, she decided that these guys weren't going to ruin her night or her fun or her fantasies. And her diaper was going to stay on.

If she knew then what was going to happen, she not only would've taken the diaper off but she would've also called the police. But despite the risks that were present and obvious, she had no way of knowing anything would happen. And likely, her worst nightmares wouldn't ever have included her night ahead.

Walking back around the counter and headed to their table with the pot of coffee, she perfected her slow walk to be as uninviting of flirting as possible, though she knew these guys, like friends since college from their discussions, wouldn't need much encouragement to be disgusting and rude.

Setting the saucer of creamers down in the middle of the table, she dropped a handful of sugar packets, giving the flannel shirt guy a glare before placing three coffee mugs in the middle of the table.

"So what was with the pacifier?" Mr. Impatient asked, causing Joy to take a quick gasp of air.

"Oh, nothing," she said politely, trying to play it off. "It's my son's pacifier. I was just being silly."

Leaning in more carefully this time, she started filling the first cup of coffee. Mr. Impatient leaned back, eyeing up her frame.

"There is no way you were ever pregnant," Mr. Impatient said with a raised eyebrow as he looked at her waist.

Joy's skin crawled again, but she smiled, trying to take what he said as a compliment.

"Well, thank you," Joy said as she started to pour the second cup. "I worked hard to take the extra weight off afterwards."

"I bet you did," Mr. Impatient said, sliding his cup of coffee as far away from as possible.

Swallowing another lump in her throat, she smiled again, leaning over the table and stretching her arm to fill his cup – the crinkles echoing in her ears. Her waist was pressed against the end of the table and she felt the first tug of the back of her skirt as it rode up her hips slightly. As soon as she filled his cup with coffee, she set the pot down on the table, carefully stood up and stepped backwards, putting her hands on her hips and lightly bouncing up and down once on her heels while she nonchalantly tried to push her skirt back down.

"So, are you guys ready to order?" she said quickly, trying to change the mood of the moment.

"I think so," Mr. Impatient said, looking at his menu as the flannel shirt guy keep staring at her waist and the jock glared up at her with want in his eyes that made her tremble slightly. "I'll have the chicken and waffles. Green beans and cole slaw."

Mr. Impatient looked up at her, seeing she didn't have an order pad.

"Aren't you gonna write this down?" Mr. Impatient asked.

"Nope," she said with a sweet smile. "I'll remember what you ordered."

Joy stared blankly at the flannel shirt guy.

"And for you?" she asked with a monotone.

Smiling like an idiot, the flannel shirt guy picked up his menu and looked at it.

"New York strip steak with hash brown," he said, setting the menu down and looking up at her. "Medium well."

"You get another vegetable with it," Joy said with the same monotone.

"Surprise me," the flannel shirt guy whispered with a grin.

Joy exhaled softly as she turned to the jock.

"I'll have the New York strip steak, too," the jock said. "But I don't want hash brown. Instead, I want baked beans and applesauce."

"Medium well?" she asked as she caught sight of the flannel guy staring at her breasts.

Picking up the menus, she held them in front of her as she awaited the jock's response.

"Make mine … *well done*," the jock said with a deep tone, giving her a wink and blowing her a kiss."

In disgust with all three of them, she turned and walked away.

"You know, I think she mighta had a kid at some point," the flannel shirt guy said to the other two as he watched her walk away. "She does have some saddle bags goin' on there."

"And a fat ass, too," the jock added.

Their comments stuck into her like daggers through her heart. The one and only thing that always made major issues out of insecurities was someone being critical of her appearance. And commenting on her weight was below the belt, more figuratively than literally.

Walking back into the kitchen and firing up the grills, she kept her eyes lowered, not even wanting to look at them and certainly not wanting them to see the tears they just put in her eyes. The fantasies were broken and the diaper thing was irrelevant now. They ruined it. And as she made up their food, her heart sunk into depression as her always-optimistic outlook wavered. And suddenly, this hideous diner began to feel like a trap to her as opposed to a temporary means to something better.

Plating up their food, she placed them on a tray on the window of the kitchen and walked around behind the counter as she grabbed one of those ridiculous white doily-like waist aprons, knowing it wouldn't hide her bottom but hoping it would keep her skirt from riding up her hips. And the thought of the skirt riding up her hips lead her thoughts back to their cruel comments about her body, reintroducing those dagger-like emotions that hurt even worse the second time around.

Gathering up the tray stand and every conceivable condiment they might ask for, she performed her balancing act of the tray as she made her way out to their booth, setting up in front of them and placing their food on the table.

"Is there anything else you guys need?" Joy asked, trying to retain pleasantness.

"Yeah, there is," the flannel guy said. "Lift up your skirt."

"I beg your pardon," Joy said sharply, giving him a look of disgust.

"Unbutton your top, too," the jock added, giving her a glare that made her tremble again.

"I will do no such thing!" she snapped at the jock, now incapable of keeping the shakiness out of her voice. "And furthermore, if you guys make another comment, I'm going to call the police."

"No, you won't," Mr. Impatient said coldly.

The jock kicked the tray and its stand across the dining area as he stood up and blocked her escape back behind the counter. The flannel guy stood up and blocked her escape the other. Horrified at this point, Joy slowly backed up against the stools in front of the front counter, looking around desperately to find another escape route.

"Please leave me alone," Joy said, teary-eyed. "I said *no*."

"Oh come on," Mr. Impatient said, sliding across the booth seat and standing up. "You were looking to play when we raced you through those red lights. What's the problem now?"

"I'm sorry I teased you guys," Joy admitted, her entire body shaking.

"You can make it up to us," Mr. Impatient said, picking up the pot of coffee from the booth table.

"What?" Joy asked, confused.

"Lift your skirt up and unbutton your top, like they politely asked you to," Mr. Impatient said with arrogance in his voice.

Joy looked at the other two who were blocking her in and then back to Mr. Impatient.

"NO!" she screamed a split second before he took the top of the coffee pot off and threw the hot coffee at her.

The scolding coffee hit her chest and splashed up onto her face as she shrieked in pain.

"Now, do as you're told," Mr, Impatient said, closing in on her.

With one swift kick, she planted her foot between his legs and dropped him to his knees as she then turned around and started scaling up over the front counter to get away.

"Grab her!" Mr. Impatient grunted as he cupped himself in pain.

The jock and the flannel shirt guy, closed in and grabbed Joy, pinning her to the counter.

Then the flannel shirt guy grabbed the back of her skirt, yanking it up and for a few seconds, the guys got quiet as Joy screamed at the top of her lungs. Shock, more than anything else, silenced them before laughter rung through in each of their voices.

"I knew it," the flannel guy laughed. "I heard something funny when you bent over the table.

The flannel guy cracked his hand across her diapered bottom, causing Joy to struggle harder to break free of their chicken wing hold of her.

"You ain't never been pregnant, have you?" the flannel guy asked.

"No," Joy cried. "Let me go."

"So what was with the pacifier, then?" the flannel guy asked, cracking her across her diapered bottom again.

Joy screamed louder and struggled with all her might, but the jock bared all of his muscle-bound weight down on her, forcing her to stop wiggling.

"Hey, wait a minute," the flannel guy said, winding his arm up and smacking the back of her diapered again, forcing her to cry out once more before diminishing to sobs. "She seems to like that a lot."

"Yeah," the jock said with a widening grin. "Let's find out how much."

And with that, the jock sat down on one of the front counter stools, grabbing her off the counter top and bending her over his knee. She struggled to wiggle free again, but he pinned her forearms to her lower back and pushed down with such might that she stopped wiggling from the pain.

"Now, the way I see it," the jock said, looking at the two other guys. "This little missy here, teased us while she was driving, lied to us about being pregnant and kicked you in the balls, Tom."

Joy screamed at the top of her lungs, crying for help.

"Oh my God, shut her up, Ricky," Mr. Impatient said as he took a seat back in the booth, still recovering for her kick to his groin.

"My pleasure," the flannel shirt guy said, unbuckling his belt, wrapping a napkin around it from the table, then wrapping the belt

around her head – forcing her jaws open and stuffing the napkin on her mouth before he fastened the buckle at the back of her head.

Kneeling down in front of her, the flannel shirt guy pulled back on the tail length of the belt, lifting her head up to force her to look at him.

"This ain't nearly like your pacifier, but you just won't shut up, will ya?"the flannel shirt guy said. "What are we gonna do about her, Harry?"

"I guess she needs to learn a lesson…" the jock replied, lifting his free hand up in the air. "… the hard way."

The jock swung down and deliver a flat-handed smack across the center of both of her bottom cheeks with such force that she was lunged forward, nearly falling off his lap. Lifting her back up into place, the jock raised his hand a second time and swung down twice as hard. Joy's face was beet red, not from embarrassment but from a mixture of pain and horrific fear. She screamed into the napkin with what would have been a deafening sound, had she not been gagged.

The jock raised his hand a third time and swung down again, this time hitting her bottom with such forced that even the palm of his hand felt the sting. Clenching his hand in a fist as the sting went away, he looked down at her bottom, bright with a detailed outline of his hand – almost as if she had been branded with it.

"Stand her up," Mr. Impatient said as the flannel shirt guy took a seat next to the jock and they held her between them. "Now, you pretty little liar, you cock-teasing little tramp … let's see how you like it."

And with that, Mr. Impatient kicked his steel-tipped boot into her diapered crotch. Her muffled screamed turned to wincing groans behind the napkin as her knees gave out. She would've collapsed to the floor, had she not still been chickened-winged by the other two guys.

"Hurts, doesn't it?" Mr. Impatient asked her rhetorically as he grabbed her lower jaw and forced her face up.

She nodded.

"How do you think I feel?" he asked, leaning in towards her face and glaring her down. "All I wanted was for you to pay attention to the green lights. But you had to go and be some sassy little bitch, didn't you?"

With tears streaming down her face, she nodded, too scared to disagree with him.

"I … hate … sassy little bitches," Mr. Impatient said, his nostrils flaring at this point. "You're gonna learn some manners. You're gonna learn there are rules."

Standing up, Mr. Impatient took the belt length from the flannel guy's hand.

"Rule #1 …" Mr. Impatient said, unbuckling the belt and taking the napkin out of her mouth. "You do not ever scream. In fact, you do not ever make a sound. You're a pretty face. I wanna see you, not hear you. And if you so much as breathe too heavy, you will regret it."

Joy closed her lips tightly, doing her best to breathe slowly and evenly through her nose but struggling to stay calm. How could she possibly remain completely quiet?

"Rule #2 …" Mr. Impatient began, reaching around behind her and untying the waist apron before turning around and picking up his plates of chicken and waffles. "When you are told to do something …"

Then he poured the plates of chicken and waffles and all the gravy down the front of her waitress outfit before completing his thought.

"… you will do it," Mr. Impatient said before tearing open the front of her waitress outfit. "It's a shame you're so unruly. You're just too spit-fire to know what's good for you."

Placing his hands on the cups of her bra, he looked down at her feet and then back up to her eyes, raising an eyebrow at her as he groped her breasts. Joy closed her eyes, not wanting to look him in the face anymore.

"I think she likes it, Tom," the flannel guy said with a laugh so revolting Joy trembled uncontrollably.

"And rule #3 …" Mr. Impatient said with a low tone, causing Joy to open her eyes as he stepped closer to her, pinching her nipples through her bra. "It's okay to make mistakes, but not without apologizing."

Mr. Impatient looked at his two friends and grinned the most evil grin he had thus far.

"Pin her to the table," Mr. Impatient said as the guys yanked her up and tossed her onto the table, on top of their food, flipping her over onto her back.

They sat on either side of her, with one hand around her wrist as they forced it under the table and their other hand just below her knees as they kept her legs parted. It was only then, when she saw Mr.

Impatient unbuckling his belt and unzipping the fly of his jeans, that she knew what was about to happen.

"No! Please don't!" she screamed, beginning to struggle to break free as she returned to crying.

"Ya just broke rule #1 and rule #2," Mr. Impatient said, stepping up to the edge of the booth table. "I guess you still need to learn a lesson, huh?"

Just then, those little door bells began to jingle and for the first time since she had started to working at that diner, they were a welcomed sound – no longer the clanging chimes of doom, but rather, more symbolic of hope than church bells.

In walked Pierce with his hands folded behind his back. Though still pinned to the table, Joy's heart leapt for her namesake. And Pierce seemed to have a glow around him as if he were an angel.

"I suggest you leave immediately," Mr. Impatient said to Pierce with a tone so scary that even the flannel shirt guy and the jock were taken back by it.

"The police are on the way," Pierce said with a calm, even tone. "I've already given your license plate number and slashed all four of your tires. So, since you won't be going anywhere … between now and the time they arrive, I suggest the three of you have a seat. And if you so much as lay another finger on her, I guarantee you, you will never be the same when I'm done with you."

"Oh, we'll get away, alright. Let the bitch go, boys," Mr. Impatient said as they released her and joined him on either side. "What I wanna know is … how do you expect to beat all three of us?"

"You don't remember me. Do you, Tom?" Pierce said to Mr. Impatient. "Well … I remember you … very well. You still living life off your Stepfather's dime? Driving around fancy cars he bought for you?"

"Let's get 'em, Tom," the flannel shirt guy said, only to be stopped as Mr. Impatient tried to piece together why this guy knew him.

"You're Pierce Williams," Mr. Impatient said with a suddenly-knowing grin. "How's your sister doing these days?"

"A lot better, now that you're gone," Pierce replied.

"Really?" Mr. Impatient asked with an ever-growing smile. "I heard she lost her mind and got locked up in some insane asylum."

Pierce's face, calm and focused up to this point, showed a building-rage behind his eyes.

"Boys, this poor jackass you see in front of you was once a decent baseball player," Mr. Impatient said, cracking his knuckles and getting ready to fight. "He was so good, he almost made it to a Big League team. But he just couldn't hack it in the end. Isn't that right, Pierce?"

"Something like that. Yeah," Pierce replied, continuing to glare Mr. Impatient down.

"He even made his own baseball bat. He named it himself," Mr. Impatient laughed. "What did you name that bat, Pierce?"

And it was only then that Mr. Impatient took notice to the fact that Pierce's hands were behind his back. Bringing his hand around to his front, Pierce held up the bat he carved with his own hands and used at the plate, every time he stepped up to it.

"I called it *Chivalry*," Pierce said, gripping the handle tightly. "And I only need to swing it one ... more … time before I can put it down for good."

Mr. Impatient's smugness left his demeanor for the first time since he walked into that diner. Seeing Pierce winding up the bat, he knew well the danger he was suddenly in. Not wanting to stick around any longer, the flannel shirt guy and the jock bolted past Pierce, straight out the front door.

"Batter up," Pierce said, taking a step towards Mr. Impatient.

Quickly grabbing a knife from the table and yanking Joy up off the floor, Mr. Impatient placed the knife to her throat.

"Now here's what's gonna happen," Mr. Impatient said, pinning Joy back against him as the police pulled into the diner parking lot. "I'm going out the back door and I'm taking her with me."

Mr. Impatient started backing up, weaving his way through the front counter area and keeping Joy pinned against him at knife point. Pierce followed him slowly.

"Drop the bat, Pierce," Mr. Impatient said, slowly walking backwards through the kitchen towards the back door. "Drop it, or I'll cut her throat."

Pierce began to lower the bat, but he didn't let go of it.

"I suggest you tell him to drop the bat," Mr. Impatient said to Joy.

"Tom," Joy said, calmly. "I want you to know that I'm sorry."

And with that, she drew her left foot up, planting the heel of her sneaker into his groin. He bent over in pain, releasing her from his grip. She fell to the floor and Pierce raised the bat up to swing when Mr. Impatient lunged forward at him, tackling him to the ground and knocking the bat from his hands.

A struggled ensued, ending with Mr. Impatient putting Pierce in a choke hold.

"You know what the difference is between me and your sister, Pierce," Mr. Impatient said, squeezing as hard as he could to cut off Pierce's air supply. "She was, and probably still is, someone who thought she could get away with anything. I may go down for this, but I'll be back some day."

"The difference between you and my sister," Pierce said, struggling for air. "… is that she learned and she put her life back together. You, on the hand will just keep falling apart."

Pierce heaved all of his weight forward and tossed Mr. Impatient over his head. Free from the choke hold, Pierce picked up the bat and wound up to swing.

"Freeze!" a policeman said as several cops burst into the kitchen with raised guns.

"I've still got one swing left in this bat," Pierce said as he placed it on the ground. "And I'll be saving it for you …when you come back, some day."

Mr. Impatient and Pierce were both hand-cuffed until the cops could figure out what happened. Stood to his feet, Mr. Impatient was led outside, followed shortly by Pierce – detained the same way.

The flannel shirt guy and the jock only got about a mile down the road before they were picked up and Joy was treated in an ambulance for her injuries. Nothing seemed life-threatening and an appointment was made for the following morning to be treated at the medical center once it opened up.

Sitting in the back of that ambulance in a bra and a diaper while having private areas of her body given more than attention than what a microscope would have given, Joy probably should've felt horrible. This whole experience had been worse than any nightmare she could've imagined. But sitting there, with Pierce's jacket draped over her shoulders, she felt more safe than she had ever felt before.

And as Pierce walked her to her car, she clung up alongside his body.

"So, um … I have this whole diaper thing that I like," Joy said, freely admitting that which was obvious at this point.

"I know. In fact, I've known that for a while," Pierce said.

"Really? How did you know?" Joy asked, a little surprised.

"Joy, you crinkle every time you wear a diaper," Pierce laughed. "And you tend to bounce with each waddle. It's clear that you like it."

"But it's not just about dressing up," Joy said, unlocking her car and opening the driver's door.

"I know," Pierce said softly. "And you're not acting, either."

"And you don't think I'm weird?" Joy asked, lowering her chin and biting her lower lip as she looked up at him with hope in her eyes.

"No, I don't think you're weird," Pierce said, running his fingertips down the side of face. "But I'm hoping you have an answer to what I asked you to think about."

Joy smiled brightly, touched that he remembered, despite everything that had happened.

"So, what's the one thing that you want more than anything else in this world," he asked, looking on her front seat and then leaning into the front of her car for a moment before standing back up to hear her answer.

"I don't want things to change anymore," Joy replied. "I thought about it before those guys showed up. And then I thought some more about it when I was sitting in that ambulance. All I want to be able to have steak and eggs every day for the rest of my life."

"You know, there are people in this world who keep changing all the time," Pierce said placing the pacifier he found on her front seat between her lips.

Her eyes grew big and wide as she took the rubber nipple into her mouth. But as he kept speaking, her eyes softened into a mesmerized gaze.

"Some people travel and some people don't. And there's two ways of looking at it," Pierce said, putting his arms around her and gently embracing her. "On the one hand, you could say that there are people who will rise up to opportunities and not allow anything to prevent them from getting where they want to go while at the same time there

are other people who just won't move – no matter what opportunities they have to miss."

She felt the warmth rising up off his chest, breathing in that wonderful scent she called *Pierce*.

"But another way of looking at it would be to say that some people are comfortable enough to find a place they can call home while others have to keep searching, hoping one day they be comfortable enough to settle in where they are," Pierce said, reaching down and placing his hand on her diapered bottom. "Sometimes, all you have to do is make up your mind about what you want and when you do that, all the pieces fall into place."

Joy's heart pounded and she melted with the little pats he made to her diapered bottom.

"How about we come back tomorrow morning and get your car?" Pierce asked. "I've got a bed you can sleep in and a place you can call home. One that won't require working two jobs any more to pay for."

She looked up at him, more vulnerable at that moment than at any other.

"Yes, Daddy," she whispered with trepidation.

"That's a good girl," Pierce said, shutting her front door and scooping her up off her feet as he carried her to his car.

The trepidation left her heart and as he sat her in the front seat of his car and began to drive away, she turned around and looked back, realizing then that she had turned off those diner lights for the last time, turned off those filthy grills for the last time, locked those front doors for the last time, listened to those annoying little door bells for the last time and had left *The Grease Spoon Diner* for good.

She hoped and prayed, however, that Pierce wouldn't be too tired when they got back to his place, because she was in desperate need of a diaper change.

Rendezvous

Charity could feel her heart pounding with the pace of a galloping horse as she stood there in her little cubbyhole dorm room and eyed up her image in the mirror, hanging on the back of her closet door. The thoughts going through her mind were imprinting a vivid imagination of what she could expect that night. And each moment made her more and more anxious for it to begin. But at the same time, she was hesitant – not for fear of it beginning but for fear that she would start and not be able to stop. Charity was an impulsive girl with no control of herself sometimes. And because of this, she went about every single thing in her life with an all-or-nothing attitude. When everything worked out well, she benefited from her decision to take the plunge. But when things went wrong, they went terribly wrong and she would find herself lying face down in a disappointment that hurt with a biting sting.

Standing there, wearing the trench coat of her boyfriend, Derek, Charity contemplated if tonight was about her want for adventure or her need to follow her impulses to the brink of disaster. Grabbing either lapel and closing the front of the trench coat, she walked over to the door and took a deep breath. Looking back at the alarm clock next to her bed, she took another deep breath, seeing the time was now 12:05 am on Saturday morning. Opening the door, she took careful slow steps as she waked out into the dorm hallway. No one was back yet from the frat parties of the night and everyone who hadn't attended the beer keggers going on around campus had left for the weekend, including her roommate.

Walking down the hallway, she shuddered at her excitement and her simple little thoughts of what her rendezvous with Derek would include.

Charity was a sophomore in college, new to freedom, new to open possibilities and new to a lifestyle where she didn't have to succumb to a parental-imposed curfew. Perhaps her need to be a dare devil came from never having had the opportunity to do so before, but without instinct impulse-control, she was taking a risk each time when she went gallivanting off with Derek to try everything in the world that had always been an unrequited mystery in her fantasies. In just a few short weeks of that young fall semester, Charity had joined the pledging class

of a sorority and opened up completely to Derek. Each move was one that required a lot of courage on her part, but each was also a necessity. She felt stupid for not having pledged to that sorority last year, but she chalked that unusual experience of having refrained to the new environment of college. And Derek was one of the most accepting people she had ever met. From the moment she met him early that year in the spring semester, she felt a comfort around him – as if she could tell him anything without fear of rejection. This didn't always mean that he understood what she talking about, but he never judged her.

His absolute credence was what prompted her, over summer break, to tell him of her fantasies – the little secrets about her she had told no one before. It was a very difficult thing to do and making those admissions had her trembling from head to toe until she managed to get all the words out. But afterwards, he warmly received her heartfelt confessions and she gained the sense that a great weight had been lifted off of her. He had a million and one questions for her suddenly, but none of the questions made her feel like anything was wrong with her.

In short order, curiosity intrigued them both so much that they coined a phrase to label their explorations ... rendezvous. Always at the right time and at the right place, free from anyone else knowing where they were going or what they were doing – hence, keeping secrets secret.

Charity had become enthralled with their rendezvous, but they never met at each other's dorm rooms – at least not for the kinky adventures that spiced their connection when they painted the town red. She had begun keeping a diary of their secret get-togethers and though they weren't a secret couple, they had a secret dynamic.

Making her way down the stairs at the end of the dorm hall, she thought about how she had filled so many pages of her diary already with the off-the-beaten-path obsessions that had remained with her since the first time she cracked the internet code at home years ago. And having told Derek of the secrets of her heart, it had become easier to tell others, namely her to-be sorority sisters who encouraged her to explore. Initially, she simply wrote about her fetishes, but with each entry, she got more and more detailed – branching out into branching out into things a bit darker, each giving her something to finger herself over while lying in bed at night and fantasizing.

Getting to the bottom floor, she opened the stairwell doorway and walked out into the brisk night air of mid-autumn. Her fingertips and toes became cold right away but with each gust of wind appearing from the darkness and rushing up under the trench coat, she chilled at the lack of clothing she was wearing underneath. Her attire included the bare necessities of a pink bra and a crinkly diaper – the biggest admission she had made to him when he asked what she meant specifically by *age play*. She had pulled out all the stops, preparing to fulfill one of her naughtiest fantasies with Derek in her usual caution-to-the-wind impulsive ways. If the pockets of his trench coat weren't jammed full to bulges with all the exotic toys she had packed them with, she might've had some place to put her hands to keep them warm. But it was no matter. The walk would be short and she would need to get used to the cold since this particular rendezvous would take her under the visitor's bleachers of the campus football field.

Sextoyfactory.com had made a pretty penny from her bulk order two weeks ago. But Charity's plans were about to undergo an unexpected change and she would never make it to the bleachers that night. She wouldn't even make it across the dorm parking lot. And before another minute ticked by, Charity would learn how horrifying horror could really feel.

From out of nowhere, three guys appeared and grabbed her. As if they had practiced their kidnapping skills, one grabbed her from behind, one tied a blindfold over her eyes and though she opened her mouth to scream, she would never make a sound that would be heard by anyone as the third guy trapped a ball gag in her mouth at the exact moment when she gaped for a full chest of air to scream. The ball gag especially terrified her.

She never saw them coming and would never see who they were. But the guy behind her would wrap his arms around her midriff, pinning her forearms to her sides and preventing her from being able to scratch anyone with her fingernails. The second guy would pick up her feet and the third would hold her shoulders as she felt them carrying her across the parking lot in a sprint to a destination unknown.

From what she could tell, they carried her into the back of a van and though she initially had the ability to thrash her legs, she would be placed on the floor in the back of that van as she heard the back doors

being shut and the vehicle beginning to speed away with her and those guys in it. The stretching of duct tape echoed eerily in her ears as her ankles were crossed and duct taped in such a manner as to force her to bow her knees apart. Her wrists would be crossed in the same fashion at the small of her back and duct taped the same way before she was flipped over. Then the front of her trench coat would be opened, revealing her pink lacy bra and the disposable diaper around her waist. Terrified, she struggled to free her limbs with no success obviously and she screamed deafeningly into the ball gag, opening her mouth as widely as she could to get air around the ball and to be able to make noise. But when she did this, the strap attached to the ball gag was tightened at the back of her head, making deep breaths trigger her gag reflex. Her only alternative was to breathe through her nose and because she could only draw so much air in through her nose at a time, she was forced to stop thrashing to prevent herself from passing out.

And there she lied, bound at the wrists and ankles, incapable of breaking free and now incapable of screaming without choking herself out. No one was touching but she knew they were there, breathing heavily as thy recovered themselves from the sprint, but also whispering at the fact that she had a diaper on. This was an obviously unexpected thing to see her wearing and accompanying the whispers were snickers. In fact, no one would speak at a regular tone, instead whispering the whole time to prevent her from being able to recognize their voices.

But nobody seemed to be doing anything to her and Charity didn't know which was worse: thinking about what was going to happen or waiting for it to begin. It was the kind of torture that damaged in ways far different than physically. And as the chilly air in the van began to make her shiver, her thoughts kept adding to a building-hysteria.

"And what do we have here?" one voice whispered as she felt her left coat pocket being emptied.

She muffled a small whimper behind the ball gag and though they couldn't be seen, she squeezed her eyes shut, hoping she would suddenly wake up back in her dorm room. But this was no dream and as her tears began to soak into the blindfold, she feared what her pockets of naughty things might be used for.

As her right coat pocket was emptied the same way, she heard an eerie click of metal before feeling a knife point being placed on her, then lightly drug down the front of her body, not to cut her or scratch her, but to work on her mind. She began to sob audibly, quickly stopping as she started to gag from the reflex. One of the guys pulled the ball gag out of her mouth, allowing her a moment to cough and catch her breath before they put the ball gag back in tightly.

"Shhhhhhh," Charity heard someone whisper into her ear with a hushing effect that made her whole frame begin trembling. "You're gonna get yourself all worked up. And we haven't even begun yet."

Then the knife point was stuck into her coat as she was flipped over onto her belly. She continued sobbing, making as much noise as she could without choking as they cut the trench coat off her. And there she lied on her belly, blindfolded, bound and gagged – wearing a tiny pink bra and a diaper.

"Now what shall we do first," a voice whispered as she felt the naughty toys being placed in a row on her back, the vibrators being turned on the buzz.

She shook with an inability to stop, her mind traveling in and out of the moment as she tried to process where she was.

"Let's see," a voice whispered with an English accent as she felt the clasp on the back strap of her bra being raised up and released, making it snap down onto the middle of her back.

She winced at the stings as her bra strap was snapped again and again. And when she couldn't stand it anymore, she began to roll back and forth, making all the toys on her back fall to the floor of the van. There wasn't anything further they could do to her mind that would've been any worse than what they had already done. Or so she thought …

Grabbing her diapered hips, one of the guys heaved the middle of her body up and brought her midriff to rest on his knee. And when the back of her diaper was lowered below the base of her bottom, she paused from struggling for a moment to smile – as much as she could with a ball gag shoved in her mouth. It was a single, hopeful thought that turned up the corners of her mouth. And, searching for anything to believe in, she fathomed to possibility that this whole abduction was a set-up. And as the guy lightly rubbed his hand across her bottom cheeks, she tried quickly to piece together her theory.

Maybe someone at the sorority house, one of her sisters-to-be, opened her mouth and said something about what they read in her diary. One of the overlying fantasies Charity had written about was that of kidnapping, of abduction and of being forced against her will. Perhaps, just perhaps, this was all a set-up. That would be why these guys were whispering – so she wouldn't recognize them to be boyfriends of her sorority sisters. It all made logical sense, especially since her sisters had encouraged her, so insistently, to explore her fantasies. That was what college was all about. And besides, it could've also been some secretive initiation to her pledging, though that seemed a bit far-fetched.

Wiggling her bare bottom as she remained bent over his knee, Charity decided to play along. Maybe she could get a little thrill from all of this. But when she felt a finger-full of warming jelly being applied to her rosebud, she began to think otherwise of her compliance. There was only one reason why they would grease up her back door and she shuddered at the thought. And then when the guy reached between her thighs and caressed a palm-full of the warming jelly to her labia, she lost her composure, completely abandoned the belief that this was a set-up and began to struggle more ferociously than before. She was now in serious danger and as all three guys held her still, she mind followed her fleeting self-control.

Though she fought, the six hands that gripped her held her perfectly still, their squeezes hurting her forearms and legs. She balled heavily, albeit a pathetic mumble behind the gag ball. And when she thought that her panic couldn't get any worse, she learned otherwise as she felt the small end of the anal plug parting her rosebud open. Thinking back on how it was difficult to get that anal plug to fit into her coat pocket, she feared how a simple parting of the back door could become excruciating with pain.

But what she didn't fear was what she couldn't have imagined.

The crack of leather echoed off the van walls, followed quickly by the resonating sting across her bottom cheeks and the excruciating pain of the anal plug pushing its way into her rose bud just bit further – only then to slide back out. Charity gasped with the image of the leather strap in her mind. It was about a foot long and had holes going up-n-down its center. In addition, there were two word carved into the

leather, but done so in a backwards order so that those words would become planted on the target.

A second crack of the leather strap landed squarely across both of her bottom cheeks with a delivery twice as hard as the first. And this time, when the anal plug pushed into her rosebud a bit further, it stayed there – not sliding back out like before. Though her wrists were taped together, she was able to stretch her arms down to cover her bottom from the next blow. But as an arm reached under her elbows and lifted them up, she felt several blows of the leather strap land on her back side in such a rapidfire succession that she couldn't have counted them if she wanted to. And with each strike, the force increased, pushing the anal plug further and further inside her rosebud. She felt her bottom being stretched open and with no ability to resist her own reactions she screamed into the ball gag at the pain. Her bottom was stinging and her body was being rocked forward with each offering.

And when the guy spanking her finally stopped, he held the leather strap firmly against her bottom, only adding to the pain of the redness and the pressure of the anal plug as he leaned in to whisper to her.

"I suggest you stop fighting," she heard him whisper with a French accent this time. "You'll learn or you'll suffer."

And as the guy removed the leather strap from its press against her bottom, he placed two fingers on the back of the anal plug.

"Shhhhhhh," he shushed her as she whimpered through the plug's journey the rest of the way inside her.

Anal play was a fantasy she had written about in her diary. She was most curious as to whether it would make it easier for her to submit because of the pain or more apt to fight because of the pain. She learned quickly that, though it hurt, the back door entrance was primed to modify her behavior and fuss. This only further added to her suspicions that this whole kidnapping was a set-up, but at this point, it came off as nothing more than coincidence.

The back of her diaper was slid back up into place as she was made to kneel up, leaning against the guy who just spanked her to a welting swell. He hugged her so gently, giving her the polar opposite set of emotions to deal with. She could hear the others rustling something around behind her on the floor of the van.

"Shhhhhh," he continued shushing her, this time in a German accent as he rubbed her back, eventually unfastening her bra strap and pressing her against him.

Reaching down, he roughly patted her diapered bottom, causing her to jump at the pings of pain when he patted a sore spot. It served as a reminder for her to not struggle, to simply obey and not resist. And as her mind tried desperately to sift through the fantasies of her diary and the reality of having been kidnapped, she began to lower her defenses – almost as if she were signaling her defeat.

He stroked her hair gently, lovingly. And as he kept her close to his body he began to ease her down between his legs. Resting her head on his right inner thigh, she began regressing into a submission she had never felt before. Derek had forcefully made her submit in the midst of their play before and through physically exhaustion, she had submitted in the past. But presently, her exhaustion wasn't so much physical as it was mental. It was as if the will to fight had left her. And as she knelt there, preparing for the ball gag to be taken out of her mouth for what she thought would be an oral demand of her, she felt herself light-headed suddenly, but not for a lack of oxygen – not yet anyways. Rather, for the introduction of yet another fantasy she had written about in her diary … breath play.

The guy wasn't fumbling with the strap of her ball gag. Instead, he had attached the collar found in her coat pocket to her neck. It was leather and buckled as such, but in the middle of it was a thinner, secondary strap that added just a bit more tightness – to the point where oxygen could be restricted. And as she was lied down on her back on the floor of the van, she felt the softness of a blanket beneath her. Added with the chill of the air, she shivered at what was about to happen as her knees were parted and she felt the presence of someone on top of her.

"Shhhhhhh," the guy shushed her again, this time with a Russian accent as his hand traveled down to the waist of her diaper before journey inside and down between her legs.

She felt his fingertips rolling over top of her hood and then his palm pressing into it as his fingers trailed down to the outer lips of her labia, gently circling to even the cover of warming jelly and, to his surprise, heighten her arousal.

"Hmm," he whispered. "I think you're enjoying this, aren't you?"

Charity whimpered at his touch and began to rock her diapered hips to press her mound into his hand. It was thoroughly embarrassing to be aroused to the point of swell and wetness, especially given the circumstances. She worried that he might become angry with the presence of her enjoyment, but quite to the contrary, he was receptive, coaxing her wetness along as if he were prepping her for a big finish. Though her bottom was burning with pain and her rosebud felt swollen from penetration, she hadn't become damaged by the experience – not yet, anyways.

But as if he knew what she was waiting for, she suddenly felt the tip of something smooth and phallic as he tucked itself underneath the elastic edging at her left inner thigh – making its way to her center before parting open the entrance to her canal.

And as she felt herself being spread open on the inside, she whimpered out her feeble fuss, not wanting it but at the same time, craving it with every inch of space she could offer him. Instinctively, she arched her lower back, heaving as high as she could by bracing herself on the floor with her bound wrists. He slid deeper and deeper inside her and she continued fussing-but-craving. How would she ever explain herself after this? How could she possibly be enjoying herself?

Nothing made sense to her anymore and instead of trying to figure out why his fingers, still teasing her labia, made her feel so good, she just simply accept that it felt too good to resist. And when she was spread open to capacity of length, she suddenly felt vibrations coming from within her. Quickly she realized that he had penetrated her with his erection, but rather with that vibrating toy with the moveable flesh-like outer coating.

Her center began to twitch so powerfully that her hamstrings began to hurt from tightening up, given the way her legs had been spread apart while still having bound ankles. Then the twitch travelled up her spine, causing her to heave up her chest and she moaned for the first time. How would she ever be able to admit to Derek that she enjoyed this? He knew well her fantasies, having been granted access to her diary as well. But it almost felt like she was cheating on him to be receiving pleasure.

Then she felt those teasing fingers entering the top of her canal, making tighter her fill and curling up to find the ridges of her g-spot. His fingers passed back and forth over those ridges until he found the one particular area that made her seize up with a quickly arriving orgasm.

The first ripple of pleasure poured out of her, washing over her frame and causing her to relax her frame, as much as she could - given her restraints and position. And once she began twitching uncontrollably from head to toe, he slid the vibrating toy out of her, thrusting it back in far more quickly than its incremental first offering. And as he worked up a hastening pace of penetration and withdrawal, she rocked with the motions he was creating, remembering that she was being watched by at least two other guys in the back of that van.

But weakened of everything, from body to mind to soul, Charity happily submitted her whole self to the most humiliating orgasm of her life. And as each ripple of pleasure arrived, some arriving simultaneously with others, she succumbed to her own shame, but no longer cared.

As she climaxed, to the point of endless moanings, the van came to a screeching halt. The back doors were flung open, letting in a stiff breeze is icy cold night air as he insert the vibrating toy fully inside her, resituated her diaper and then with the help of the other two guys, lifted her up and carried her out of the van.

She was placed on the ground, macadam from what she could feel and the back of her diaper was lowered before she was left there – the guys jumping back into the van, closing the back doors and speeding away with squealing tires while the driver laid on the horn.

Charity twitched from the cold. She twitched from the sudden relocation. She twitched from the whole experience. And she twitched from the vibrating toy as it continued to draw a paralyzing orgasm out of her, lifting her towards a summit she could feel.

"Oh my God!" Charity suddenly heard a familiar female voice scream. "Charity!"

And in a single instant, Charity's orgasm concluded. She ballooned down quickly as she knew where they had dropped her off. Blindfolded, gagged, collared, bound by wrist-n-ankle, wearing nothing but her unfastened bra and her diaper, Charity rolled over onto her back

as the sisters of her sorority ran from the front of the sorority house and into the street to pick her up.

"What happened to her?" one said with panic.

"I don't know. Let's get her in the house," said another with urgency.

And she was picked up by many hands, carried into the house and straight upstairs to the last bedroom on the right at the end of the hallway – the guest bedroom.

"Charity, Charity," she heard a frantic female voice say as her blindfold was removed.

Charity blinked but could see nothing but darkness. And when someone turned on the overhead light, then she could see nothing but blinding brightness. The ball gag was removed from her mouth. The collar was removed from her neck. She was turned on her side as her wrists were cut out of the duct tape and then returned to her back as she babbled incoherently. Her ankles were cut free of the duct tape and with the greatest bit of humiliation saved for the end of all of this, the vibrating toy was removed from inside her canal. And when it was fully removed, she began to wet her diaper without control.

Smiling strangely, she reached down and cupped her diapered front as she peed. None of the sisters knew what to make of her behavior and as soon as she finished emptying her bladder, she whispered a few weak words before passing out.

"Don't call the police," she said, nearly inaudible. "Please don't call the police."

And then she drifted off to sleep. But sisters stayed with her, bathing her by hand from head to toe and wondering why the words *Lesson Learned* were so clearly pronounced on a swollen and welting bottom. But all the answers would have to wait until she awoke.

Against everyone's better judgment, the decision was made to respect Charity's wishes and to not call the police – at least until she woke up and explained what happened. But for the rest of that night, someone was going to remain by her side. Derek would arrive just as they finished bathing her, though she never woke up as they did so. He had a small back pack with some clothing of hers he quickly threw together from what she had left at his dorm room. A few of them stuck round to help him dress her in a long night shirt and to watch him

diaper her, a mystery in itself. He tucked her favorite teddy bear under her one arm and worked with her subconscious reactions to get a pacifier slipped between her lips.

Derek would sit on the edge of the bed and watch her all night until he eventually fell asleep. And it wouldn't be until almost 11 am that next morning that she would finally stir. After giving her a few minutes to wake up and say hello Derek, the guest bedroom was quickly packed with every single sister from the sorority. They all had a bazillion and one questions. Charity did her best to answer the nonstop interrogation.

"What happened?"

"I was grabbed by three guys and thrown into the back of a van," Charity answered, sitting up as Derek put a few pillows behind her.

"When was this?"

"Last night at midnight," Charity answered. "I had just walked out of the dorm and was crossing the parking lot."

"Who grabbed you?"

"I don't know," Charity said. "I never saw their faces and didn't recognize their voices."

"What did they do to you?"

"Well," Charity started thinking back on it all now and trying not to smile. "They blindfolded me and used duct tape on me and gagged me with that ball gag thing."

Charity stopped talking as the memories rushed back into her mind, producing a tingle she didn't even want Derek to know about.

"Did they beat you?"

"Well, they spanked me pretty hard," Charity corrected.

"Why did they spank you?"

Charity gave the girl who had asked that question a look of confusion.

"I didn't get a chance to ask them why," Charity said, trying not to be too sarcastic.

"When did they strip your clothes off?"

Charity began nibbling her lower lip as she pondered how to answer that question without revealing anything.

"They did all the undressing of me after they drug into the van," Charity said, breathing a tiny sigh of relief she had found a way to skirt around the truth that she was hardly wearing anything to begin with.

"Did they ...?" a girl started asking, pausing then because she couldn't finish the question.

"No," Charity answered quickly, trying to set the girl's heart at ease. "Though they had a nearly naked and tied up female in front of them, they never violated me. In fact, I don't think that was something they were planning on doing."

"Well what do you think they <u>were</u> planning on doing?"

"I think they knew me and they were asked to grab me and make me feel like I was being kidnapped," Charity answered, knowing that her sounded suspect. "I can help but to keep thinking that they knew me."

"What made you think that?"

The first moment of truth arrived. If Charity answered that question honestly, she would have to state that several of her fantasies, revealed only to a few sorority sisters and Derek through her diary, were present in that van.

"I can't say it. I just have that feeling for some reason," Charity replied, cryptically.

Of course, she could say. But she didn't want to and from the random grinning faces in the room, she could see that she had already revealed the truth to those who already knew.

"So what's with the diaper?"

Charity swallowed a lump that formed suddenly in her throat. The second moment of truth had arrived and the interrogation quickly shifted to a gossip-material gathering session. But before she could even part her lips to answer the next question came, one that would sink daggers into her.

"And Derek, you put her in another diaper last night. What's going on?"

Charity contemplated lying through her teeth, saying that she had incontinence that was brought on by stress. But that wouldn't explain why she was wearing a diaper when they found her lying on the street.

She contemplated telling them that her kidnappers put her in the diaper as a form of humiliation. But the mere sound of that would've come off as stupid in itself, not to mention it still wouldn't explain why Derek put her in another diaper last night after she had been bathed.

She contemplated lie after lie after lie, from abnormal heavy monthly flow to telling of a fictitious summer car accident that left her

incontinent to telling of an early Halloween prank, but she knew everyone in that room would see through her lies. It probably shouldn't have been such a big deal to her to tell the truth, but that was easier said than done. To reveal the truth would be extremely embarrassing.

And that was when the correct to say finally registered in her head.

"It's a little embarrassing to explain," Charity admitted, her face turning red.

"You don't have to explain," Patience the pledge mistress said. "You know what, girls? Enough questions. Everybody out. Let's go. I'm sure Charity and Derek would like to be alone."

Patience stood by the bedroom like an enforcer and waited until everyone left before turning back to Charity.

"And you …," Patience said firmly, pointing to Charity before softening her tone. "You be a good little girl for your Daddy."

Patience winked at her, smiled - broadly and knowingly – and then left the room, closing the door behind her.

Charity looked at Derek and the guilt gripped her up immediately. How could she keep from him the fact that she enjoyed what had happened to her? Even if she never admitted this to him, that guilt would eat her alive for the rest of her life. The final moment of truth had arrived. She opened her mouth to speak that truth, but was cut off by him. He placed a finger over her lips as he leaned alongside her ear.

"Shhhhhh," he whispered exactly as the guy in that van did.

Her heart began to beat with a wild pace of excitement as she wrapped her arms around him and squeezed him tightly.

"Don't be giving away all the secrets of your heart to just anyone who gags you, binds you, spanks you, fingers you and watches you orgasm all over yourself," he whispered with an English accent. "You just might find yourself living out your fantasies without even knowing it."

"Did the other guys really watch me when you made me cum?" Charity asked, turning red all over again at the memory of that moment.

"No," Derek said. "They knew to look the other way at that point."

"Next time, I want them to watch," Charity said, tingling in all the right places.

"Next time?" Derek asked.

“Oh yeah,” Charity whimpered with lust. “And next time, I want pictures taken and a video of the whole thing.”

“Okay,” Derek said, smiling at her. “You like it that much, huh?”

“Oh yeah,” Charity whimpered more softly with a greater breathiness.

“Anything else for next time?” Derek asked.

“Yes,” Charity said, making him lie in the middle of the bed as she unzipped his jeans, reaching inside his underwear and grabbing his stiffness. “Next time, don’t blindfold me. I want to watch you as you torture me.”

She tightened her grip around his girth and began stroking him slowly.

“I owe you a very big thank you,” Charity said, kneeling alongside him and positioning herself for her duty at hand. “And next time, when you put my head between your thighs, make certain that I do this …”

And with that, she plunged her mouth down around his girth, taking in his length to the back of her throat. It was time to perfect her gag reflexes.

Outted

Harmony sat up on the kitchen counter, lighting a cigarette she knew she shouldn't be smoking. But sometimes, Harmony needed to indulge herself. This day seemed like it would never end. But with a stressful court case having ended just a few days ago, she leaned her head back against the cupboard behind her, taking a long drag from the cigarette and blowing the smoke back out. It was simply that easy, but the smoke really hadn't cleared for her, at least with regards to what put her in court in the first place. She thought back on the trial and everything that unfolded behind those court room doors ...

Harmony trembled in her seat at the plaintiff's table, watching the bailiffs escort a man whom she only knew by the name of *Spider* to his seat at the defendant's table. He glared her down as he took his seat and her blood ran cold. She didn't want to be there on that day to see him stand trial, but she knew it would be her testimony that would put him away. And if he wasn't put away, she would never get beyond what had happened.

"Prosecution calls Harmony Jones to the stand," the lawyer said.

Harmony stood to her feet and tried to steady her shaky legs while nonchalantly running her hands down the back of her dress. She didn't do this to make certain that her dress was down so that her diaper wasn't showing. There was no need to hide the fact that she had an age play fetish anymore. Everyone knew, thanks to *Spider*. Instead, she ran her hand down the back of her dress to make sure she wasn't wet.

Her composure and her poise, those graceful sashays that used to send out her feminine wiles to passers-by, were all gone and her nerves were so damaged that she often lost control of her bladder at the slightest inkling of stress. Making her way to the stand, she passed by his table, feeling an icy coldness that sent shivers up her spine.

It was quite ironic how she had always wanted her fantasies to become reality, yet it was her reality that became a fantasy.

Standing in the witness box, she raised her right hand and swore to tell the truth. But looking over at the already-condemning glares of the jury members, she sat down in the witness chair, suddenly realizing that she would be on trial herself, not for any crime, but rather, to win the

acceptance of a court of public opinion. Perception was paramount, not always the truth.

But the truth was: Harmony was a woman with a fetish that most people shunned. And thusly, Harmony was shunned as well. Spider had outted her, to friends, to family, to co-workers, and in doing so, had spun her life out of control. And despite this, Harmony was viewed as the disreputable person in this situation.

"Miss Jones, please tell the court how you met the man who called himself *Spider*," the lawyer said.

"I met him online on a website for singles," she replied, crossing her legs and sitting comfortably in her chair."

"How was contact made between the two of you?" the lawyer asked.

"He sent me a message of hello, welcoming me to the site," Harmony answered, glancing over at the jury quickly.

"And …?" the lawyer asked, trying to help her answers along to get her off the stand as soon as possible.

"We exchanged emails for a while, then began to talk on the phone," Harmony replied.

"So would you say that all initial indications about him were good and that he appeared as any normal person when you began talking with him?/" the lawyer asked.

"Yes," Harmony replied.

"But you found out quickly that he wasn't as normal as he let on to be, is that correct?" the lawyer asked.

"That is correct," Harmony replied.

"Please tell the court what happened when he first asked you to meet him," the lawyer said.

"We had gotten to be good friends online but I wasn't ready to meet anyone yet," Harmony replied.

"I was still dealing with the emotion of my divorce," Harmony answered.

"And would you say that these emotions made you a bit vulnerable?" the lawyer asked.

"I believe so, yes," Harmony answered, lowering her chin to swallow a lump in her throat.

The jury threw daggers at her from their eyes.

"When Spider asked you to meet him, what did you say?" the lawyer asked.

"I said no and told him that I wasn't ready to meet people yet," Harmony replied honestly. "And besides, I didn't know him well enough to meet face-to-face yet."

"Did that reasoning satisfy him?" the lawyer asked.

"No, as a matter of fact, he became unsatisfied because of my reasoning," Harmony answered.

"Explain what you mean by *unsatisfied*," the lawyer said.

"He became persistent in asking me out, again and again, telling me that the only way to get to know people better is meet them," Harmony recalled. "He would eventually ask me to b in a relationship with him. And when I said no, he became enraged threatening to expose me for what I am to my friends and all."

"Did he actually expose you in any way?" the lawyer asked.

"Yes," Harmony said softly, choking back tears. "He would post pictures of me on every social media site I was a member of. And he made certain that my friends, my family, my co-workers and other people who knew me saw the pictures."

"And how did that make you feel?" the lawyer asked.

"Mortified … humiliated … disgraced … embarrassed," she said, beginning to well up with tears. "And he would post these pictures again and again. He wouldn't stop."

"What else happened to you?" the lawyer asked, walking up to her and offering her his handkerchief.

"I was fired from my job and the community where I lived made it hard to stay there. So I was forced to move, but not before he showed up at the front door of my house," Harmony said, balling into the handkerchief.

"So would it be reasonable to say that his attack on you was unprovoked by you," the lawyer asked.

"I didn't do anything to him," Harmony sniffled.

"No further questions for the witness, your honor," her lawyer said to the judge before he sat down.

Then Spider's lawyer stood up, walking the pitcher of water from the defendant's table up to her at the witness stand, along with a glass.

"Thank you," Harmony sniffled.

"You're welcome," his lawyer said. "What was the name of the website where you met my client?"

Harmony looked up at him with horror.

"ABDLBedWetting.com," Harmony said with a monotone.

The jury glared her down.

"And what type of website is this?" his lawyer asked.

"It's a social media website for a fetish," Harmony answered, wiping new tears away before they streamed down her cheeks.

"And what fetish is that?" his lawyer asked, not letting up on her.

"ABDL," Harmony said, seeing him standing there and waiting for her continue. "It stands for Adult Baby Diaper Lover. Age play."

"What do people with this fetish usually do?" his lawyer asked.

"They play different roles," Harmony answered, trying not to give any more information out.

"What are some typical roles that people might play?" his lawyer asked.

"It's usual a caregiver and a care receiver," Harmony asked, seeing him standing there and waiting to continue and deciding that no further damage could be done to her reputation, she continued. "Or in other words – a Baby and either a Mommy or a Daddy."

"I see," his lawyer said, pausing to collect his thoughts. "And which were you? Do you play Mommy or do you play Baby?"

Harmony's heart sunk further down into her chest. New tears still formed in her eye lids.

"I play baby," Harmony answered with as much audible tone as she could muster.

"I see," his lawyer said, pausing to allow her admission to sink into the thoughts of the jury members. "My client's real name is Stanton Hartter. But on that site, his username is Spider. What was your username on that site?"

Harmony began to slouch in her chair, beginning to see what his lawyer was trying to make her look like.

"My username was FuckMeDaddy," Harmony admitted, not bothering to wipe away the tears that streamed down her cheeks.

"So is it reasonable to believe that this website is more than just a site for singles, as you previous had described it?" his lawyer asked.

“Yes,” Harmony whispered, unable to stop the train from derailing at this point.

“And when my client first contacted you, what did you talk about?” his lawyer asked.

“We flirted. That’s all it was. Simply, innocent flirting,” Harmony defended.

“Would you say that you are the kind of woman who is accustomed to receiving attention from men?” his lawyer asked.

“Yes,” Harmony admitted.

“And do you always flirt with men the way you flirted with my client?” his lawyer asked, continuing to drive to the point.

“Not always,” Harmony answered.

“Do you always post pictures of yourself online?” his lawyer asked.

“Not always,” Harmony answered, closing her eyes as he walked back to the defendant’s table and picked up a stack of photos.

“Are these pictures of you?” his lawyer asked, walking back to her in the witness stand and handing her the stack of photos.

“Yes,” Harmony answered, flipping through them all.

“Your honor, I would like to enter these pictures as evidence in this case,” his lawyer said, taking the photos from Harmony and handing them to the judge. “Miss Jones, are these the pictures that you claim my client posted on social media sites, exposing you to your friends and family?”

“Yes,” Harmony replied softly.

“Where do you believe he got these photos from?” his lawyer asked.

“He got them from me,” Harmony replied.

“You sent him these photos of you?” his lawyer asked.

“Yes,” Harmony admitted with a sob.

“Miss Jones, these pictures of you show you out in the woods and you’re wearing nothing at all except for what looks like an adult diaper,” his lawyer stated. “Why would you send partially naked pictures of yourself to a man you never met, a man you clami you had no intentions of meeting, at least at the time that you sent him these photos?”

“I don’t know,” Harmony admitted, covering her face with her hands.

“Did you ever agree to meet him?” his lawyer asked.

"No!" Harmony answered sharply.

"And, Miss Jones, please tell the court who Harold G. Banion is," his lawyer said.

"He's my stepfather," Harmony replied, looking at his lawyer and then at her own.

"Is he still currently your stepfather?" his lawyer asked.

"Well, no," Harmony answered. "He and my mother got a divorce."

"Did your ex stepfather ever purchase anything for you?" his lawyer asked.

"Yes," Harmony answered, thoroughly confused by why she was being asked this.

"Name some of the things he purchased for you," his lawyer said.

"He purchased a house I once lived in, the car I drive, my cell phone …" Harmony answered, hoping this would suffice his lawyer.

"Did your ex stepfather ever purchase you a laptop?" his lawyer asked.

"Yes," Harmony responded, dumbfounded at this point.

"When did your ex stepfather buy this laptop for you?" his lawyer asked.

"Three years ago," Harmony answered trying to remember for sure.

"Do you currently still use this laptop?" his lawyer asked.

"Yes," Harmony answered honestly.

"Does anyone else ever use this laptop?" his lawyer asked.

"No," Harmony answered.

"Thank you, Miss Jones. I have no further questions for you," his lawyer said.

"You may step down from the stand," the judge said to Harmony.

Harmony stood to her feet and ran her hands down the pack of her dress, trying to make it look like she was smoothing her skirt out but truthfully making certain she hadn't wet herself. Stress made her wet so easily anymore. Walking past his lawyer, her face turned beet red as she could do nothing about the crinkle sound.

"Defense calls Geoffrey Dumbleman to the stand," his lawyer said.

As Harmony took her seat next to her lawyer, she saw a man stand up from the seats behind her. He was a tall individual, dressed very sharply in a business suit and he moved with a purpose. In his right

hand was a manila folder. He took a seat in the witness stand and looked up at Spider's lawyer.

"Mr. Dumbleman, when I contacted you two months ago, what did I asked you to do?" his lawyer asked.

"You asked me to conduct a private investigation for one of your clients," Geoffrey answered.

"Please describe the nature of your investigation," his lawyer said.

"The investigation had two purposes. The first was to find evidence that your client had, in fact received an email from Miss Jones where she asked him to meet her. And the second purpose was to find evidence proving that Miss Jones had indeed sent the message," Geoffrey answered.

"And did you find those two evidences?" his lawyer asked.

"Yes," Geoffrey answered.

"Please tell the court how you did this," his lawyer said.

Harmony looked at her lawyer with confusion and then turned her attention back to the private investigator on the stand.

"I contacted the administrator of a website know as zendesk.com. Among other services, zendesk provides archiving for larger websites. Some of their more well-known client websites are … medium.com, twitter.com and … tumblr.com. But they also handle archiving for emailing sites, including the email site that your client has an account with," Geoffrey explained. "I presented my credentials to the administrator of zendesk and he opened the deleted archives of the email site that Miss Jones has an account with. I was able to find both the email that she had type to your client and that same email, after your client had received it."

"What did this email say?" his lawyer asked.

"It was an invitation from Miss Jones for your client to meet her at a bar for a drink. She gave the time she would like to meet him, the date she would like to meet him and attached a few pictures of her in outfits for him to choose what she would wear when they met," Geoffrey answered.

"And how can you be sure that this email was sent by Miss Jones and not by someone else?" his lawyer asked.

"I can't, but I can confirm where the message came from," Geoffrey answered.

"Please explain that," his lawyer said.

"Whenever anything is sent online, whether it is a private message or a public posting on a social media site, whether it is a photo that is uploaded or a link that is reposted, reblogged or resent out in any way, that exchange of data automatically becomes connected with an IP address. And, when traced back, this IP address can be used to locate the origin point," Geoffrey replied. "The message sent from Miss Jones' email account, asking your client to meet her, was sent from a computer that was registered to a Harold G. Banion."

"And as Miss Jones has answered under oath, Harold G. Banion is her stepfather. She also admitted, under oath that Harold G. Banion bought her laptop for her and that no one else uses that laptop. Is that what you hears her say, Mr. Dumbleman?" his lawyer asked.

"That is what I heard," Geoffrey answered.

"So, in your professional opinion, did Miss Jones send him a message where she asked him to meet her?"

"Yes," Geoffrey replied.

"Thank you, sir. I have no further questions for you," his lawyer said as he turned and walked back to the defendant's table.

All eyes in the room went to Harmony and her lawyer at the plaintiff's table. Harmony looked at her lawyer.

"I have no questions for this witness, your honor," her lawyer said, somberly.

Watching the private investigator leave the witness stand, Harmony got the first sense that her claim of harassment against Spider wasn't going to be proven on this day. And as Spider was called to the stand, he glanced over at her, making her tremble before her bladder gave way. Helplessly, she sat there and drenched her diaper as she watched him swearing in.

"Mr. Hartter, did Miss Jones freely interact with you when the two of you spoke online?" his lawyer asked.

"Yes," Stanton answered.

"And after you had shared a few emails and phone calls, what happened next?" his lawyer asked.

"She sent me an email, asking to meet me," Stanton replied bluntly.

"Tell me the events of that night," his lawyer said.

"I drove to the bar where she wanted to meet me and waited there for two hours before finally calling her, but she didn't pick up," Stanton recalled. "I got worried about her."

"So what did you do?" his lawyer asked.

"I drove to her house to see if she was okay," Stanton replied.

"But how did you know where her house was," his lawyer asked.

"Because she gave me her address," Stanton answered.

"The pictures that Miss Jones claims you posted on other media sites, did she ever send these pictures to you?" his lawyer asked, picking up the photos and handing them to Stanton to look through.

"She sent me some of these pictures, but not all of them," Stanton answered.

"Mr. Hartter, did you post any or all of these pictures on other media sites?" his lawyer asked.

"No," Stanton answered.

"Miss Jones calls you obsessed, claiming that she denied your request to meet her. Yet a private investigator has confirmed that she did, in fact, email you. Would you say you were obsessed with her?" his lawyer asked.

"No," Stanton answered honestly. "I was interested in her, but not obsessed. It seemed, one day we were talking and the next day, she was done with me."

"So it seemed she had a change of heart?" his lawyer asked.

"It seemed that way," Stanton answered.

"I have no further questions," his lawyer stated, content that his client's innocence had been shown.

"Mr. Hartter," Harmony's lawyer said sharply, standing up from the plaintiff's table. "You have pictures in your possession of Miss Jones, pictures that would certainly cast her in a poor light, if they were shown around. It would be the perfect way to get even with someone if they rejected you. She trusted you to keep them private. I'll ask you this question again and I'll remind you that you are under oath: Did you post any or all of these pictures of Miss Jones on other media sites?"

"No," Stanton repeated his answer.

"Mr. Hartter, under a lie detector test, Miss Jones was asked if she had sent these pictures to anyone other than you. She said no and the results of the test showed her to be telling the truth," her lawyer stated.

“Doesn’t it strike you as odd that you are the only person whom she has sent these pictures to, yet you deny having posted them on those media sites?”

“It doesn’t strike me as odd at all,” Stanton stated bluntly. “And I have no doubt that Miss Jones sent the pictures to me and me alone.”

“So, are you telling me that you sent these pictures to someone else and that they are guilty of having posted them on those media sites?” her lawyer asked.

“No, I’m not telling you that. I sent these pictures of her to no one and would be willing to agree to a lie detector test to prove it,” Stanton answered. “Since lie detector tests are supposedly admissible, I welcome the opportunity to take one.”

“So these pictures then magically appeared on those media sites, though you are the only person who had them other than her?” her lawyer asked with disgust.

“No and no,” Stanton replied.

“I only asked you one question, Mr. Hartter,” her lawyer said. “Perhaps you could explain what you are saying no to twice.”

“No, those pictures didn’t magically appear on those media sites. They were posted there,” Stanton answered. “And no, I’m not the only person who had those pictures other than her.”

“Who else had them, Mr. Hartter?” her lawyer asked with attitude.

“I don’t know who specifically,” Stanton answered. “But I would assume many people downloaded them from ABDLBedWetting.com when she posted them there.”

Harmony tossed her cigarette butt in the kitchen, turning on the water to put it out before she hopped down off the counter. She didn’t want think back to the trial anymore, nor how Stanton had found a way to shoot down every single point her lawyer brought up.

The findings of the trial were that Stanton Hartter was innocent of harassment. He got away with it. And though he was a member of that fetish site as well, it was she who received the scorn for it. The only thing worse than walking out of that court room defeated was the fact that she walked out of that court room with the back of her dress soaked with her own pee.

But Harmony had faced letdowns before and she always found a way to bounce back. She would never get online again and she would never speak to Spider again, but for whatever reason, those pictures of her kept recirculating over and over.

She took one last look at the kitchen. It seemed so lifeless, being empty and bare and absent of the possession packed in the moving truck out front. She really loved this house and she would miss it, but the community no longer wanted her there. And that, in itself, was painful. Nobody had stopped by to wish her well and no one said goodbye.

Harmony would pull away in that moving truck at 3 am that morning, leaving the last round of bills unpaid. The companies would certainly track her down for the money in the future, but hopefully by then, she would be free of the need to live a gypsy's life. She never took Spider to court again and had accepted that the hand she had been dealt was the way it was going to be from now. She had nothing to be shameful for anymore. The truth had been exposed and it seemed silly to continue to lower her chin about herself. Her greatest fear, however, and the most difficult bit of horror to escape wasn't what had happened in the past but what might happen again, the next time she got "outted".

Zorro Daddy's ABDL Library

There are three types of stories in this collection:

"**The Grats**" – Stories which include the themes of spanking, sexuality, BDSM, humiliation and the like.
"**The Sagas**" – Stories which include the full relationship, with mild or minor sexuality.
"**The Yittlins**" – Or "Little Ones". Stories which are designed to produce little, safe feelings only.

The Grats –

Déjà Vu – The story of college girl Daisy Jane Vanderbilt and the education she couldn't have received in the classroom.

The Gratification Series - These collections of erotic short stories will bind you, break you, excite you, exhaust you, nurture you, then do it all again. Titles: *Fantasies & Punishment, Discipline & Humiliation, Surrender & Submission, Helpless & Vulnerable, Spankings & Correction, Mind Games & Melt Downs, Pleasure & Guilt, Power Trips & Sexual Extreme, Unfinished Fantasies & Unspoken Realities, Tender Belong, Feeling Little In A Big World, The Mind Fuck*

The Saturday Night Series – When this BabyGirl made her Daddy a list of her fantasies, she had no idea what the night ahead had in store for her. 10 Fantasies fulfilled each night … and counting. Titles: *10 Things To Do With Your BabyGirl On A Saturday Night, 10 More Things To Do …, 10 Things Left To Do …, … On A Sunday Morning, … On A Monday Night*

The BedTime Stories Collection – Written for ageplay couples, these stories are perfect for the BedTime tuck-in, whether done in person or over the phone. Which story will Daddy read to you tonight?
Titles: The *Dirty Ones, The Clean Ones*

The Sticky Situations Series - Fantasies can become real in an instant. That's exactly what the BabyGirls in these stories find out. Humiliation, embarrassment, regression and acceptance teach quickly how "sticky" situations can unravel a mind and make a soul vulnerable. Thankfully, their Daddies fill that need. Titles: *Books 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5*

The Mommy Grats – In these books of the Mommy/BabyBoy or Mommy/BabyGirl dynamic, the Mommies wield all the power and the littles waddle all the way. From storylines of public humiliation to some which lead to gratifying feelings, the dynamic of power exists, but also the connection of love. Titles: *Boy Toy 1, 2 & 3, Girl Power 1, 2 & 3*

From Sun Up to Sun Down: The ABDL 3-Way Book - Written like a choose-your-own-adventure, this book gives you the option to make the story you read as dirty, as romantic or as yittle as you want. It's one story, told in three ways. And 3-Ways are always better than one.

Late Friday Evening … Early Saturday Morning - A Daddy and BabyGirl explore the sexual hunger within on Friday Evening & the softer, gentler emotions of their dynamic the next morning.

The ABDL Twisted Books –BabyGirls enter the worlds of other fetishes, coupling them with the ABDL dynamic. Titles: *MedFet 1, MedFet 2*, *The ABDL Horror Book,* (More to Come: *The ABDL Pet Play Book, The ABDL MedFet Book 3*).

The Sagas –

The Zeke & Lily Saga – Before Zeke (an author & *Daddy*) and Lily (a columnist & *BabyGirl*) met, they were perfect strangers who shared an uncommon interest. Though they lived in the same city, they hadn't met until she found his profile online. These stories tell their tale, from courting to a possible happily ever after. Titles: *Once Upon A Beginning, Overnight, Making a Memory, Her Diary, Ever After, Dream Catching, Resolutions - Part One, Resolution - Part Two, By Summer's End, For a LifeTime*

The Mia Series – Mia is a sweet & shy girl who meets Eric, a guy with a lot of confidence and dominant qualities – attracting her to him immediately. She longs to be controlled. He obliges her request, mixing up her thoughts and rebuilding her into the absolute innocence of a BabyGirl. Titles: *Oh What A Weekend, The Next Weekend - The Next Memory, The Weekend of Decision, The Weekend She Believed, The Weekend of Cravings, Her Birthday Weekend, The Weekend of "Signs"*

The Story of Lucy – The world of Lucy, a girl of 20 who has forgotten how to dream, is about to change. She has a chance meeting with a dream elf, awakens & enters a series of events, presenting to her the

self-truth she never knew, ushering in a return to innocence she had long since forgotten as well. Titles: *Enigma, Echelon, Euphoria*

The Gabriel & Gina Series - College opened Gina up, showing her the *littleness* within her. Then she explored the darker sides to submission. Embracing the changes in her life & seeking permanency, she met Gabriel, an ever-patient companion, friend, lover & Daddy. And he rocked her world, re-aligning the stars in the skies for her. Titles: *When Fantasy Became Her Reality, Two Days – Three Nights, Crossroads*

The Dynamic Story - The story of Adam, a guy with a tale to tell. Hank, a screen play writer, walks into a bar & grille, meeting with Adam to hear his story – one that Hank learns is quite dynamic. But not even Hank, a seasoned storyline creator, could've seen the twist at the end of this dynamic story ... Perhaps you will. . . .

That's When I Knew - A Daddy and BabyGirl have survived a week of the flu. On this day, her fever has finally broken, the symptoms are going away & at last she can enjoy the sentiments of being a BabyGirl.

Johnny & the Princess – A Daddy-n-BabyGirl meet & fall in love, overcoming the pain caused by past relationships. With chapters told from his-n-her perspectives, they addresses growing beyond the let-downs that drop you to your knees, re-examining the values you have & standing to your feet again, stronger than before.

The Yittlins –

The Rock-a-Bye Series – A collection of thoughts, short stories, bedtime stories and other writings about "The Daddy's Girl Fetish" and the Dynamic between a Daddy and BabyGirl. There is also a fairy tale, coloring and activity book in the series. Titles: *Short & Sweet Stories, Thoughts & Other Journeys of the Mind, The Home Sweet Home Stories, The Stories of Time, More Stories of Time, Yittlin Extreme*

The Adventures of Penny –Penny Jordan is a girl who loves being a baby & wearing footed pajamas, regressing to infancy quickly. These stories tell of the many adventures she goes on with Elliot her "Daddy". Every hop, step and skip of the way, she is his BabyGirl, with a love for being little, a love for adventure and a love for him. Titles: *The Pajama BabyGirl, The BeachTown BabyGirl, The SnowBunny BabyGirl, The Traveling BabyGirl*

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